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CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE LATEST YET.

HATTIE HILL BRYSON AND OLIVER KING OF CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, ARE SECRETLY MARRIED WHILE APPARENTLY
BEING WEIGHED TOGETHER BY A SLY PARSON



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, with any other illustrated publication in America. Ask your newsdealer for the

POLICE GAZETTE.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

Agents wanted where there are no newsdealers.

THE "FACTS" AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED DOWN SOUTH.

The State of Mississippi has very advanced views on the subject of the POLICE GAZETTE. It doesn't know exactly why it doesn't like the GAZETTE, but it pretends that we publish a very wicked paper which has an abominable trick of telling the truth.

The Vicksburg Commercial is a characteristic Mississippi newspaper. How near it gets to the facts is shown in this paragraph:

"Our convicts are doing admirably building the Gulf and Ship Island railroad."

Let us see how that is. The Board of Control, which three weeks ago visited all the camps, made the following report:

First—Copies of the printed rules and regulations are not preserved and placed in the hands of the guards.

Second—Convicts are permitted to act as guards.

Third—Sufficient hospital accommodations are not furnished, in this: The diet provided for the sick is not suitable; in one camp there is no separate place for confinement or hospital for the females, but they are placed in the stockade with other convicts, without bedding except some worn and exceedingly dirty blankets. The necessity for better accommodations for the sick is shown by the fact that there are sixty-seven on the sick list at three camps, fifteen of whom have measles; sufficient trusses are not provided, some convicts with hernia being at work without them.

Fourth—Convicts have not all of them sufficient clothing for a change, and to enable them to keep cleanly and free from vermin.

Fifth—The convicts are not washed or given opportunity to wash themselves, as the rules and regulations require.

Sixth—No devotional or religious exercises are provided at these camps, as required by the rules and regulations, so far as has come to the knowledge of this board.

Seventh—Some of the convicts are allowed to go without the convict guard, in open violation of the rules and regulations prescribed by the Board of Control.

The following convicts were found to be unfit for duty of any kind at the camps in question, and so declared to be by the physicians in charge, and it is therefore directed that said convicts, namely, No. 23, Goodman, and No. 336, Bob Cashman, be returned to the walls at Jackson.

We ask the Vicksburg Commercial to read carefully from the third to the sixth of the above paragraphs and then say if it knows anything more inhuman or brutal than the admissions therein contained. Out of 551 convicts 67 of them are sick under conditions as stated in the third paragraph of the above report of the State Board of Control, that should cover with shame and disgrace a people that would longer permit such brutality. Sixty-seven sick out of 551 convicts without beds or bedding, and the women and men huddled together in the same stockade, literally in a state of nature. Is this "doing admirably" Mr. Commercial? If all the people of the State of Mississippi were doing as admirably how long would they last? Sit down, Mr. Commercial, in a cool and shady place, and make the calculation.

It is for publishing facts that the Southerners abhor the POLICE GAZETTE. It is for publishing lies and glossing over the truth that southern newspapers usually exist.

PRINCE ERISTOFF, who was struck in the face by the curious creature called the Marquis de Leuville, because he had the effrontery to go carriage riding with a lady whose bank account the Marquis much admired, has disappeared from London, and there is to be no duel. The Prince was informed that the combination of corsets and padding known as the Marquis was not a Marquis at all, and yet could use a sword or pistol quite as well as if he were; and the Prince quite agreed with the wailing conclusion of the Western tough who was fool enough to try to make a mule go by twisting its tail—"I've chased buffaloes and been chased by Indians; I've sat on the safety valve of a Mississippi steamboat, and wrestled with lightning in the woods; and now I've come out of all that only to be kicked to death by a jackass—oh!"

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

I HEAR THAT THE JAPANESE would not permit the performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado in Japan until it was so altered and cut down that scarcely any of it was left. All references to the Mikado, the Lord High Executioner and other officials, had to be cut out, and the piece had to be acted as "Three Little Maids from School," under dire threats of a prosecution of the manager and the whole company. The Japanese Lord Chamberlain appears to be a terrible person, for he threatened the unfortunate manager with sundry pains and penalties unless he followed numerous minute instructions respecting the manner in which the piece was to be acted. And the Japanese, mind you, are the best judges of the Mikado.

JAMES FLEMING AND GUS HECKLER rescued a young man named Van Orden from a watery grave at Sheephead Bay last Sunday. The rescue was a gallant one.



Gus Heckler saw the man struggling in the water and jumped in. In doing so he struck his right arm a violent blow and disabled it. Nothing daunted, he struck out with his left. Very soon that arm was cramped, and then he swam with his legs alone, suffering untold agony. He seized the drowning man by the hair and brought him safely to land amid the enthusiastic plaudits of Mr. James Fleming. Mr. Heckler is to receive a gold medal from the Humane Society.

A STOCKTON (Cal.) paper publishes the exact measurements of Mrs. Langtry's figure, including the dimensions of her limbs in detail just as if the actress was being measured for a comic opera page's suit. It is not explained by whom or under what circumstances the measurements were obtained.

MISS HELEN DAUVRAY and Mr. Edward Sothorn have arranged their trouble by the latter paying \$1,000 to Mr. Hayden, the manager of Miss Dauvray, in consideration of which sum Mr. Sothorn is released from his contract. It would have been a graceful act on Miss Dauvray's part to have let Mr. Sothorn off free gratis for nothing, but Mr. Hayden is not to be blamed for insisting on the matter being arranged on business principles, and that the amount paid is what may be called a nominal sum in evidence that there was no desire to put on the screw. Agent the Helen Dauvray-Ned Sothorn affair, it is interesting to recall the fact that some years ago in an English law court Walter Montgomery sued Fechter for pursuing precisely the same lines of conduct as is proposed by Miss Dauvray. The English court, however, held that a manager had no right maliciously to shelve an actor (although he was paying him), and not allow him the chance to practice his art, nor to put him in a false position with the public, and imply that he was not good enough to be cast in a play. This decision appears to have been based both on sound principles of law and equity, and to be particularly applicable to the present case.

IN A CHARMING COTTAGE, nestling among a mass of beautiful trees, and overlooking one of the most picturesque lakes in America (Lake Hopatcong), Lotta and her family are spending their summer months. There, surrounded by her family, which consists of her brother and her mother (Mrs. Crabtree), she passes the time in a childishly pleasant manner, rowing, driving, and listening to the words of wisdom which fall from her good mother's lips. The hospitality of this little house is perfect. The first to greet one is a pleasant-faced, bright-eyed, vigorous, silver-haired old lady, whose kindly grasp of the hand, and the warmth with which it is given, bespeaks beforehand the hospitality which is offered and so fully extended.

I think Lotta's cottage is perfection. It is exquisitely furnished in admirable taste and is in every respect an ideal home. There is absolutely nothing within its walls to remind one of the stage or its belongings, unless, indeed, it be the bright eyes of Lotta herself, and the occasional cheery laugh which the world has known and loved so long. I think Mrs. Crabtree must be a bit of an artist herself, for I am told that all the interior decorations of this house were designed and laid out by her, and she takes as much pride in it as though every article were a creation of her own hands. Here and there on the walls may be found an odd picture or two painted by Lotta's brother, George Crabtree, a young man who gives immense promise as an artist, and who, I am satisfied, did he but have the ambition and the desire to cultivate the decided talent with which he has been gifted, would make a mark for himself in the world of art.

I READ THIS touching little paragraph in a dispatch 'other day: "Belle Danvers, who was lying ill in her bed in the upper story of the Alcazar theatre when the flames closed in on her and made her jump for her life, has a sad story. She was a member of the Lydia Thompson company when that organization came to Chicago in 1883, and Belle Danvers was one of the most popular members of the company. She was at that time a very beautiful young woman of twenty years or so of age, with a voice that promised to make her the rival of the most noted singers of the day. She was an accomplished actress and an educated woman, and was one of the few professional women who were received in 'society.' Miss Danvers was with the Thompson company for some time when a throat trouble injured her voice, and she was forced to leave. Her powers as a vocalist gone, Miss Danvers dropped into obscurity and then into poverty. Forced to support herself she took the remains of her voice to the best market she could find and played at the best variety theatres. Then she fell ill, and after months on a sick bed her emaciated form was not what the variety stage demands, and the unfortunate woman, once the pet of the amusement world, drifted into the concert saloons of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and then to the worst dives of Hurley, Wis." I knew the Thompson troupe pretty well in 1883, and there never was any Belle Danvers or Belle any body else among them in those days. The women of the party were Lydia herself, Pauline Markham, Lizzie Weathersby, Edith Blande, Mrs. Connelly and Nellie Henderson. "Belle Danvers," I fear, is a fraud, theatrically speaking.

BILLY WEST, the minstrel, must be an exceptionally fascinating votary of the art of burnt cork. His first wife was Fay Templeton, known and admired from

Maine to California. His second "venture" is the beautiful heiress and daughter of E. Jay Morris, ex-United States Minister to Turkey. It is a romantic story—that of their meeting on mid-ocean last summer on the deck of the good steamship Aurania, and the delightful transition from friendship to affection and Cupid's sweetest passion, till their vows were uttered in this city a few days ago, and then repeated in the pastorate of Camden's Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church in the presence of the Rev. John S. Heisler and his wife. But a few friends were informed that the day had been fixed. None but the happy pair, however, knew the place or the hour when their marriage would take place. Their union is regarded as one to bring happiness to both. The bride, who is just past 22 years, being fresh from graduation at a fashionable seminary, is a most accomplished woman. This might be anticipated from the careful training she received from her distinguished father, whose literary work gave him as great a reputation as his prominence in official life, he having been a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, Charge d'Affaires to Naples, and a member of Congress for three terms before entering upon his nine years' service as Minister to Turkey. His publications included a tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt and Arabia, Petra, "The Turkish Empire, Social and Political," a translation of "Afraja; or, Life and Love in Norway," and also a translation from the German of Gregorius, Corsica, Social and Political, and other works. The ex-Minister seemed to be wrapped up in the welfare and education of his daughter, and it was greatly due to his instruction that the young lady acquired such a delightful mastery of French, Turkish and German languages. She has refined literary tastes, a charming presence and is a delightful conversationalist. Besides "a gem in brains and beauty," as Mr. West styles his bride, he has also captured a very rich prize. The young lady is reputed to own real estate valued at over \$250,000, in addition to Government and railroad bonds, the aggregated value of which, at present market rates, is said to be over \$50,000. She has been living with her stepmother, it is stated, in the family mansion on Broad street, above Brown. The husband, too, is well fixed. Mr. West is said to be worth about \$150,000, part of which he has invested in Chicago real estate. He has also some property in New York. When accosted by a representative of the Inquirer shortly after his arrival at the Continental, where he took dinner with his bride, Mr. West said: "Yes, it is true that we have just been married, and I can tell you there is not a happier man in this town than myself."

"The ceremony took place in Camden?"

"That's right, too," he exclaimed, laughing heartily at the idea. "You see, we had intended to be married to-day in this city, but when I went to arrange for the ceremony I found there was so much red tape about getting a wife in Pennsylvania that I would have to postpone our marriage if we held to our original plan of being married in this city in order to comply with the new law. We decided not to wait to go through the formalities prescribed, so we took the boat to Camden and were married by the Rev. John S. Heisler, pastor of the Methodist Church."

Carefully drawing an envelope from his pocket, Mr. West opened it and drew forth the marriage certificate which it contained. "Rumelia G. Morris to William H. West" were the names of the contracting parties, written in a bold, clear hand.

"Her father called her Rumelia," he remarked, "after a city in Turkey. She does not like the name, however, and prefers to be addressed as Lisette."

"Have you known her long?"

"I met Miss Morris on June 14 of last year in mid-ocean," continued the minstrel, in a sentimental way, "and since our chance meeting our acquaintance ripened into friendship, which was strengthened on my each succeeding visit to this city, till it grew into the love that has bound us together."

When incidental reference was made to his former marriage with Fay Templeton, the bold minstrel Benedict wished that subject touched lightly, as his first venture in the matrimonial line had not proven as desirable as might be. It terminated in a divorce, which he said he secured a year ago last May. Mr. West and his bride left for New York recently, contemplating a trip up the Hudson to Albany and thence to central New York, where they will spend a few days with his relatives, after which the couple will go to Wisconsin for the remainder of the summer. Though his financial standing is said to be such that he may at any time retire, Mr. West says he has not made up his mind to quit the stage.

WHILE BUFFALO BILL, or Bill Cody, as the true grizzled Westerner prefers to call him, is the lion of the hour among British royalty and nobility, he has nowhere in all this great country a friend who is prouder of his success than Major Frank Powell, the long-haired, the long-haired mayor of La Crosse, Wis. It is not long since I saw the major

lounging about the rotunda of the Leland Hotel, and the thought struck me that Buffalo Bill would have done well to have persuaded this warm friend to accompany him on his European tour. Major Powell is proud to call himself the foster brother of the famous scout. They first became acquainted on the plains years ago, when Powell was a surgeon in the army, and their attachment has grown deeper with time "as streams their channels deeper wear." Dr. Powell and Mr. Cody are not unlike in physical appearance, both being magnificently formed men and about six feet tall, and each weighs in the vicinity of 200 pounds. They open a bottle every time they meet, and discuss the old times like a couple of big, overgrown children, for they are simplicity itself. "Bill and me used to wear buckskin and eat pork and beans," said the major to me one day, "but nothin's too good for us now; we can drink wine and dress in broadcloth if we like. But Bill ain't what he used to be; he was once a true child of nature, educated by the plains, but long contact with civilization has worn the charm off." I fear the major will scarcely be able to recognize his child of nature when the latter gets back from hobnobbing with dukes and princes and driving that old Deadwood coach with the Princess of Wales on the box beside him. The native charm will be all lost.



WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

Killed on the Ball Field.

Eddie McDade, a light-haired, blue-eyed lad of 15 years, the crack catcher of the Mount Vernon Baseball club, Philadelphia, was playing behind the home-plate, July 11, when a swift foul-tip from the bat of Mickey Curley, of the Liberty club, struck him in the neck and broke his windpipe. He died four hours later.

He Bounced the Reporter.

Wolf von Schierbrand, a fresh young man connected with the press, undertook the other day to cane Austin Corbin, the veteran President of the Long Island Railroad, because Mr. Corbin, who is an elderly man, would not apologize for an imaginary wrong complained of by the fiery Dutchman. Mr. Schierbrand no longer travels on his face, that passport having been punched all to pieces by the railroad man.

Shaving a Soul Saver.

The long series of disturbances at Park Ridge, N. J., growing out of the persistence of Switzer and Mason and their followers in holding religious services at which numerous respected members of the community were reviled as "imps of the devil," &c., culminated July 10 in violence. Mason, to whose presence and preachings the villagers especially objected, was dragged from the house where he lay in concealment by a mob. He was hustled through the streets and, while one man plied a rawhide about his head and shoulders, the others dragged him to the railroad station, where his flowing hair and beard were lopped off close with a horse-clipper.

Reporting Under Difficulties.

The man in the moon did not get a chance to look at the races at Monmouth Park the other day, but the man on the telegraph pole did through a spyglass, and he availed himself fully of his high-up-in-the-air opportunity. He is an operator of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company which, through business rivalry, is debarré from privileges on the course. He sits perched on a cross bar on a telegraph pole outside of the upper turn, and from that coigne of vantage views the contests, and, having a telegraph instrument, telegraphs accounts of them to his clients. A confederate on the grand stand, by signs informs him of the start, finish and time. He was watched closely through field glasses, and one old sport was heard to say, "I wish I could telegraph that fellow a small bottle. He deserves it for his pluck and grit."

All on Account of a White Man.

The other morning Drucey Johnson and Mary Sinclair, two notorious colored women, were up before Mayor Rhodes, of Fernando, Fla., the former charged with having committed an assault on the latter and the latter with having used profane and abusive language towards the former. Each was fined \$2 and costs.

The testimony showed that the quarrel between the two women began in the store of John M. Reddick, and that it originated in the jealousy of Drucey Johnson, who considered and claimed Reddick as her own property and charged Mary Sinclair with interfering with her (Drucey's) rights in connection with that gentleman. Drucey is said to have punished her lord's supposed infidelity, by beating him severely in the face, after which she pounced upon Mary and committed the assault for which she was fined.

Shameless Ansonia Girls.

The New Haven Palladium says: At this end of the town are some girls that are as devoid of shame as are any of the young men in the same place. The Naugatuck river opposite the depot is a favorite bathing place for both boys and girls, and what was the surprise of the people gathered at the depot Saturday to see two girls about fifteen years of age appear and disrobe as unconcerned as though in their own chambers. An old dress was donned for a short time and then discarded, and for the next ten minutes they sported in nature's attire, diving, swimming, etc.; then leaving the water, they made their toilet in plain sight. Hardly a day passes but what a similar sight can be seen, and in some instances the females have reached even a more mature age. The place is outside of the borough limits. Hence the police do not interfere.

Saved by a Heroine.

Mrs. Edward Humphreys, great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and the daughter-in-law of Mr. Solon Humphreys, of New York, is spending the summer with her husband in their cottage at Southampton, L. I. The afternoon of July 12 she drove her dog-cart to the west side of Southampton pond to make a few visits. On her way home she saw three children of Mr. Isham bathing in the pond. The eldest, a girl of thirteen, and nearly as large as Mrs. Humphreys, who is a very petite, got beyond her depth. There was no one near to help her, and she sank twice and would certainly have been drowned had not Mrs. Humphreys dropped the reins on the dashboard, jumped from the cart, and, with hat and gloves on, rushed into the pond. Before she reached the drowning girl she was obliged to swim. She brought her ashore, partly by swimming and partly by walking up the inclined bottom with her own head under water. All this time the semi-unconscious girl was clinging about her and impeding her movements. After the girl was safely landed her brave little rescuer nearly fainted. The affair has created a great sensation, and the plucky lady is receiving congratulations on all hands.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH OF A STUDENT.

Our correspondent at the Twin Mountain House, N. H., writes, July 18: Moses W. Hill, a student waiter at the Twin Mountain House met with a terrible death at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. He went out walking, and an hour later frantic cries were heard in a pasture a quarter of a mile distant. Several people ran to investigate and found young Hill lying on his back near a huge boulder. His body was frightfully mangled. Theoulder is very large and 25 feet high and exceedingly difficult of ascent. Hill met his death in attempting to climb it. He had ascended fifteen feet, and when he took hold of a spur of the rock to raise himself it gave way, precipitating Hill to the ground. The falling rock struck him in the lower part of the abdomen, crushing his bowels. The rock was very sharp and ragged and passed through his body. He was nineteen years old and very brilliant and ambitious. He was graduated at the Millbury (Mass) High School in 1886, and at the time of his death was a student at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. He worked as a waiter at the mountain hotels to secure funds to pursue his education. He was the only son of a widowed mother.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Mrs. Jacob Aber.

Lovers of humanity, and all such hold little children as the most precious of the great family, are appalled and indignant at the stories, claimed to be well founded, which are now in circulation at Bath, N. Y. The sudden and mysterious taking away of the twin sons of Mrs. Jacob Aber, at Gaines, Pa., it is said, was due to a dose of poison, and the coroner of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, is investigating the matter. Daniel Wright was for many years the proprietor of the Steuben House at Bath. He had a son, Charles, who lived in the hotel with him and assisted in carrying on the business. Charles was married and had a daughter, Eva, now a woman about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. Eva had many admirers and applicants for her hand, but did not succumb matrimonially, until Jacob Aber, a young pharmacist, entered the lists. She married him, and the result of the union was three children, all boys. Of these, Daniel, now about seven years of age, is at his grandfather's home in Gaines, and the twins, Charlie and Willie, one year and ten months of age, died at Gaines two weeks ago Wednesday night, the bodies being brought to Bath for burial last Saturday week. Although the home of Mrs. Aber is with her grandfather at Gaines, the parties concerned in the tragedy are better known at Bath than in any other place. Mrs. Aber was brought up there.

RICHARD K. FOX'S LATEST GIFT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The crowd of beautiful enthusiasts who hourly admire the Richard K. Fox Rowing Cup, now on exhibition at the Meriden Company's magnificent silverware establishment on Fourteenth street, New York, is cleverly shown in an illustration on another page.

THE LATEST YET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Hattie Hill Bryson and Oliver King of Chattanooga have been married on an exceedingly economic scale. They stood up as if to be weighed, and the parson, while ciphering out their joint avoidance of a crowded store, said the words that made them one without any one else being the wiser.

MAKING HALF DOLLARS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago, July 17, says: Officers of the United States secret service yesterday arrested Adam Racke, a German, who has been for some time manufacturing and circulating counterfeit silver half dollars, extremely well executed. In an old trunk at his house was found the entire outfit, including metal crucibles and a lot of finished and unfinished half dollars.

His method of making the coins was different from any ever known to the secret service officers. Instead of using the customary plaster of paris or metal moulds, he casts the coin on small earthen moulds, such as are used in iron foundries. In this way he would cast six at one time, and the moulds were so nearly perfect that the coins had every appearance of being genuine. By this method the moulds were constantly changed, so that the counterfeits bear many different dates. Brass entered largely into the composition used, but a fair imitation of silver was attained, and the weight, ring, and general appearance of the coins are calculated to deceive almost anybody.

Racke refused to tell anything about himself or how long he had been engaged in running his "queer" mint. It is believed that he has made a comfortable living at it, as he has a wife and five children depending upon him for support, and he is not employed at his trade as a moulder.

ROBBED IN A PRIVATE CAR.

A Desperado Holds a Pistol to a Railroad Man's Head and Takes His Money.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special dispatch from St. Louis says: On Monday evening Chas. M. Hayes, the new General Manager of the Wabash Western Railroad, started for Chicago in his private car accompanied by General Freight Agent Knight and Assistant General Passenger Agent Crane. The car has two staterooms; in the open part of the car there are two berths. Mr. Hayes took one of the staterooms, Mr. Knight the other, and Mr. Crane went to bed in one of the open berths. About 2:30 o'clock in the morning Mr. Crane was suddenly aroused, and, on opening his eyes saw a very big man standing by his berth with a long pistol cocked and the muzzle in close proximity to Mr. Crane's head. The door at the end of the car, which had been locked when they went to bed,

was open. All this Mr. Crane took in while the intruder was saying:

"Give me your money—quick." Mr. Crane, seeing argument was useless, handed his vest from under the pillow and handed the fellow a \$10 bill. "Give me that watch and chain," said the robber, and Mr. Crane handed over the jewelry. About this time the porter, who was asleep in his berth, at the end of the car, was aroused by the noise and entered. The burglar started to run and fell down, the negro falling on him. Then the robber pushed his pistol against the negro's stomach and threatened to shoot. This frightened the negro, and he retreated. The thief got up and ran out on the platform. Some one inside just at that time pulled the bell cord. The train slowed up and the robber jumped off. By the time the train stopped the marauder had disappeared. No one knows where or when he got on the car.

LYNCHING A CHINESE MURDERER.

The Jury Said He Might Live, But the Crowd Decided Otherwise.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Colma, Cal., July 11, says: About 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning Hong Di, the Chinese domestic who murdered Mrs. Billion at St. John some time ago, was taken from jail and hanged by a mob. The murderer had been on trial for several days, and a verdict of guilty was returned on Saturday, the jury fixing the punishment at imprisonment for life. Mrs. Billion, her two daughters, and William Weaver, head servant man, were sitting at supper when the door of the dining room was thrown open by Hong Di, the cook, who leveled a Winchester rifle at Weaver and shot him through the shoulder. He fell on the floor, and a second shot went through Mrs. Billion's head, killing her instantly. Both daughters fled to an adjoining room and escaped uninjured.

The Chinaman fled, and Weaver managed to get on his feet and lock the door. No trace of the murderer could be found for nearly a week, when he was found on the banks of the Sacramento river, nearly starved to death. On hearing the verdict the crowd became exasperated. The judge refused to accept the decision of the jury, and a wild scene at once began. Almost every man present was armed, and in an instant a hundred pistols were drawn amid cries of "Lynch him!" The sheriff jumped to his feet and quieted the crowd long enough to say that, while he disapproved of the verdict, he hoped no blood would be shed in court.

The crowd left the court room and the prisoner was removed to jail. Soon an effort was being made to lynch the Chinaman, and while the sheriff and his charge were inside a large and determined mob was forming outside the jail. All day long the crowd kept on the street, but no effort was made to get at the prisoner until near midnight. At that time the town was alive with strangers from surrounding places, including the captain of a steamer and twenty of his crew. Citizens were posted at all avenues of escape, and about 12½ o'clock a break was made for the jail. Guards had been posted by the sheriff, but as they were in sympathy with those on the outside, little resistance was made. In a few minutes the assassin was in the avengers' hands.

Weaver, the man whom Hong Di had shot first, was present, rope in hand. The prisoner was at once dragged out and taken to the bridge, shrieking and screaming in terror. His cries were addressed to deaf ears. The rope was put around his neck despite his desperate struggles, half a dozen men raised him in their arms, and he was tossed over the parapet. He was probably half dead when thrown over. He struggled feebly for a few moments. Shortly afterward the body was cut down by order of the sheriff and carried to the jail.

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

E. R. Fox, a Would-Be Duelist of Texas, Caned by the Man He Challenged.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from El Paso, Tex., says: A sensation was caused here Thursday evening by Sheriff James H. White, of this city, publicly caning E. R. Fox, a prominent stone mason and contractor. The caning was the sheriff's reply to a challenge which Fox sent him Thursday to fight a duel in Mexico.

The trouble between Sheriff White and Fox dates back about two weeks. Fox is an inveterate litigant, and is seldom without from one to half a dozen cases in court. The sheriff was highly indignant at Fox for having, as he charged, used him in an attempt to defraud some miners in a suit at law. Last Tuesday evening Sheriff White and Fox chanced to meet. Fox undertook to pour out a tale of grievances. White's temper blazed up, and, turning on Fox, he thundered: "You lie, you know you lie, the public knows it, and I can prove it."

Thursday afternoon Sheriff White received an insulting letter from Fox, winding up with a challenge to meet him across the Rio Grande, and at ten paces prove who was the coward and liar. Fox added that secrecy would be necessary and appointed a place of meeting to settle details. The sheriff intended to ignore the challenge, but while walking down the principal street at 8 o'clock Thursday evening he happened to meet Fox, who came up to him, evidently to arrange the affair of honor. White promptly told Fox what he thought of him, and wound up by slapping him in the face and breaking a small cane over his head. Fox struck White once with his fist, and the two men then walked away from each other.

"It is an unpleasant, yes, a dangerous matter," Fox said afterward, "and the less said about it the better."

Fox is hot-tempered, and it is feared that more trouble will follow. Sheriff White is a man of medium size, but he is one of the bravest men in the West. Ordinarily he is one of the mildest-mannered men to be found, though but few men care to provoke his wrath.

WAR AT A RAILWAY CROSSING.

City Forces and Railroad Men Engage in a Lively Scrimmage.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special despatch from Youngstown, Ohio, says: By moonlight yesterday morning the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad, with a force of two hundred men and a locomotive, was successful in laying its track across Mill street, the intention being to build additional tracks through the city.

This afternoon the City Council ordered out the city police force and fire department, with one hundred special officers, to tear up the crossing. They found the crossing covered with a locomotive and several cars, guarded by two hundred section men armed with picks and shovels under command of Roadmaster Kill.

The firemen set two streams going, and under cover

of the water the city police made a dash for the crossing. The section men held their ground, but were finally driven off with clubs and maces, retreating behind an embankment, where they gave the officers a volley of stones. Several were injured on each side, but none fatally.

Engineer Reeves refused to leave his engine, and was hurled off by half a dozen officers, who took possession and ran the train back from the disputed crossing. Rails and ties were torn up and scattered right and left and the obstruction removed from the street.

General Jones, counsel for the company, said: "By a decree of the court rendered several years ago we were given the right to cross this street. Suits for damages will be entered in the United States Court in Cleveland against the city, and warrants will be issued charging Mayor Steele, Marshall Williams and members of the city Council with participating in a riot."

Three carloads of section men arrived here to-night over the Pittsburg and Western, and it is believed an attempt will be made to retake the coveted crossing. The police are guarding the street, well armed, and if any move is made by the company serious trouble may occur.

STEALING A POLICEMAN.

Six Stout Men of Coney Island Seize a Policeman and Carry Him Off.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Down at Coney Island early the other morning a half dozen men stole a policeman off his post, bound and gagged him and rode him about the island for about an hour and then returned him to his original post.

The affair has a laughable and a serious aspect, too. It grew out of a disagreement between Mr. Henry Hamilton, the proprietor of the stage line which traverses the concourse between Brighton Beach and the West End, and the managers of the Coney Island Elevated Railroad, which also runs between those points.

At the opening of the season the directors of the elevated road put their heads together to work out a scheme to keep as much traffic from Hamilton's stage line as possible, the result of which was the building of a long, high fence between the lower end of the wooden promenade of the Hotel Brighton and a walk some twenty-five feet inside the property of the elevated road.

Hamilton finally went to the elevated railroad people and remonstrated. The only notice taken of him was to lower the fare upon the "L" road to three cents. To Hamilton this was adding insult to injury. He finally threatened to crush the bone of contention, and would have put his threat into execution had not the elevated people hired a number of rough-looking men who would just as soon fight as not and brought them to the scene. Chief of Police McKane was also called upon for aid. But as no attempt was made by Hamilton the chief withdrew all his men except Officer Eagan, who was known to be careful and cute.

This, it seems, was just the opportunity for which Hamilton had been waiting. By the silvery light of Wednesday night's crescent moon his clansmen went forth into the fray—six of them, so the story runs.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Policeman Eagan was pacing back and forth, swinging his club to the air of Sullivan's "Lost Chord," when suddenly he heard the tramping of horse's hoofs. Out of the dark he saw the outlines of a stage coming rapidly toward him. He recognized it as one of Hamilton's traps. When the driver neared Eagan he drew up with a grand flourish. In an instant a number of dark forms jumped from concealment in the bottom of the stage and sprang upon the officer, bearing him to the ground. Before he could make an outcry a gag was forced into his mouth. Then ready hands procured a rope and bound the prostrate officer hand and foot. He was hustled not very tenderly into the stage. The driver then whipped up his horses, gave the officer a dashing drive up through the Boulevard, and after an hour's airing returned him to his post.

Eagan was lifted out and his bonds unfastened. The men entered the stage again and were driven rapidly away. Eagan rubbed his eyes and saw that the fence had entirely disappeared.

CUT DOWN IN THE STREET.

Joseph C. Kennedy Killed for No Known Reason in Washington, D. C.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special despatch from Washington says: About 5 o'clock this evening, on the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, Joseph C. Kennedy, an attorney and real estate agent, one of the oldest residents of Washington, was murdered in cold blood and apparently without provocation, by John Daily, a white laborer. A few minutes before 5 o'clock Mr. Kennedy left his office just above the Riggs Bank, and crossed the street diagonally to the opposite corner, where he mailed several letters. He then started to take a car of the Fourteenth street railroad. When he was within a few feet of the car Daily, who had been loitering around the corner for several hours, walked up behind him, and, drawing a large, keen-bladed knife, similar to those used by butchers in killing hogs, ran it into Mr. Kennedy's right side, near the abdomen, with a vicious lunge, and then gave it a jerk sideways. A large crowd was on the corner at the time, including many clerks in the government departments, but they were all so horror-stricken that for a moment nobody moved.

Mr. Kennedy fell to the ground, and after giving one cry of "murder!" groaned deeply and pointed to his murderer, who made no attempt to escape. At this moment Henry Mason, a colored watchman in the safe deposit building on the opposite corner, hearing the cry, ran out and supported the wounded man. The knife dropped out of Mr. Kennedy's side.

A doctor coming up, Mason then seized Daily, who had stood looking on, apparently the most unconcerned and self-possessed man in the crowd, which had until now held aloof as if afraid to approach the murderer.

Mr. Kennedy expired in about five minutes, and his body was removed to the police station.

The excitement rose rapidly, and the crowd grew boisterous, threatening to hang the murderer. Daily paid but little attention to them, and refused to say why he committed the crime. Once, when provoked by the crowd, he turned serenely around and said: "Yes, I killed him—damn him!" The indignation of the people became so great that policeman Salkeld, who had taken charge of the murderer, removed him to the drug store on the corner, where he was kept until the patrol wagon came up and carried him to the station-house. He is a man about 50 years of age, and apparently a workingman. At the station-house he told a rambling and incoherent story about the affair, of which the general purport was that Kennedy had wronged his father years ago, and had secured property worth \$4,000 for \$900, and that he refused to make restitution.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Chas. A. Seaman.

Our personal portrait this week is an admirable likeness of Charles A. Seaman, of Roslyn, L. I., whose record as a peace-officer leads the constabulary record of Long Island.

Hanover.

On another page will be found an excellent portrait of this wonderful horse, drawn especially for the POLICE GAZETTE by the Herr Baron C. de Grimm.

D. B. Goff and Frank Van Ness.

Elsewhere we publish excellent likenesses of Frank Van Ness, the owner, and D. B. Goff, the trainer and driver of the world-famous trotter, Harry Wilkes.

Ike Weir.

Ike Weir, whose prowess is world famous, and whose title, "the Belfast Spider," has been successfully defended over and over again, is admirably portrayed on another page.

John W. Condon.

In this issue we publish a portrait of John W. Condon, noted horseman and sporting man of Omaha, Neb. Condon is very popular in that section and well known throughout Nebraska. He is a staunch admirer of Patsy Fallon, the well-known boxing promoter of Omaha.

Jerry W. Edes.

Jerry W. Edes has been accused, and it is alleged, bounced from Juniata Tribe 74, Improved Order of Red Men, for embezzlement of funds that came into his hands as keeper of Wampum, at Reading, Pa., where brother Edes was in the cigar business and was considered a very honest man about town, and among the most prominent citizens of Reading.

General Tuttle.

General Tuttle has recently become very prominent on account of his bitter attack on President Cleveland, opposing bitterly the proposition to have Grover attend the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Louis, which has caused a general row along the line. The fiery general's headquarters are at Des Moines, Iowa, where he has made many foes and some friends by his sensational speech before the boys in blue.

Dr. Lyon and His Wife.

Mrs. Isabel Lyon, wife of Dr. Randolph Lyon, of Towanda, Pa., who murdered Rhode Moe on Saturday week last by shooting and afterwards killed himself, committed suicide by taking strychnine, her death following after terrible agony. It is thought that grief and desperation drove her to this last act of a tragedy by which three persons have been murdered. Mrs. Lyon was the second wife of Dr. Lyon and an invalid. She was the daughter of Nathan Dodge, of Franklin township, and was held in high esteem by all who knew her.

The Hay-Robinson Murder.

There is still great excitement among the farmers of Clark county, Ind., over the wanton killing of Samuel Hay by Jacob Robinson recently near Charlestown Landing.

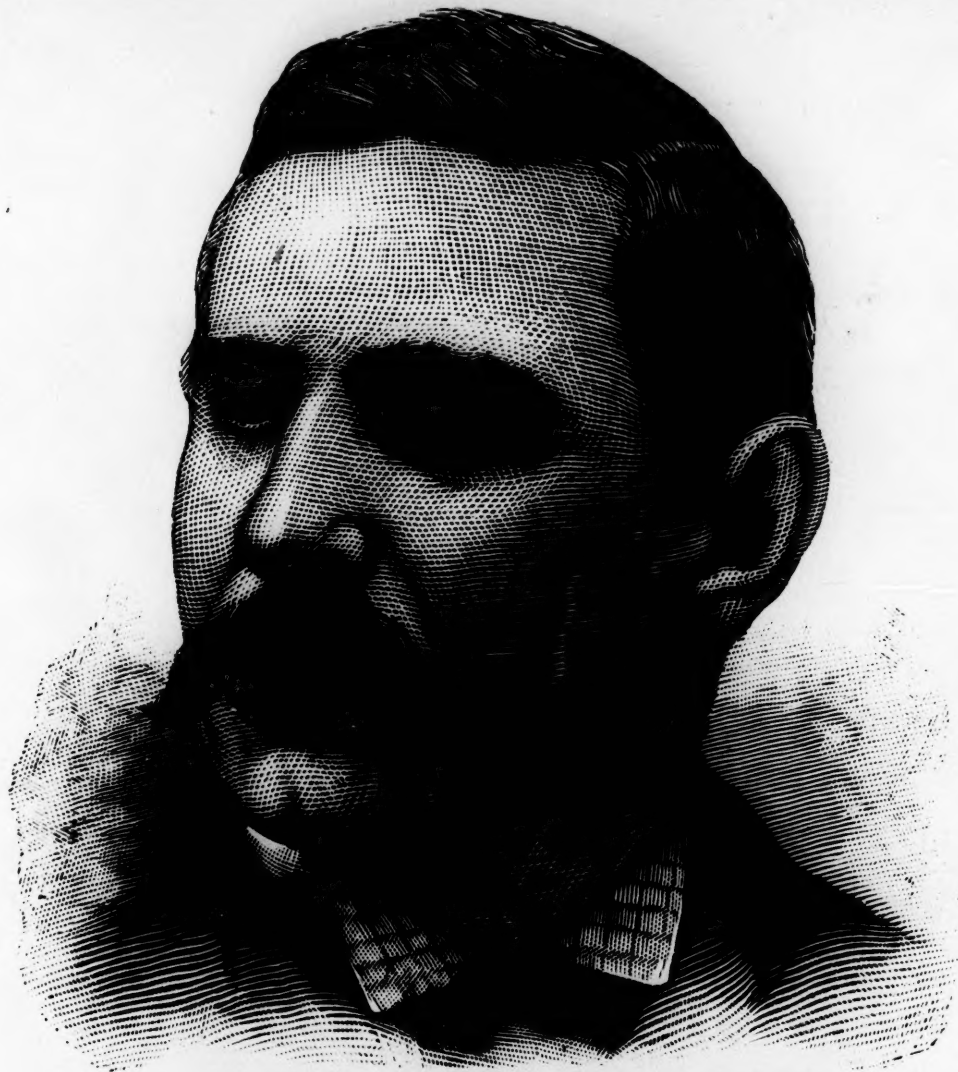
Robinson was arrested, as was also Colvin, a hired man, who accompanied the murderer, and who is charged with being an accomplice. The murdered man was thirty-two years of age, and lived with his mother, who is seventy-five years old, on a farm. He was highly respected.

Robinson is sixty-three years of age, is worth over \$100,000, and has a wife and five children. He is said to be the stingiest man in the county, and is noted for his desperate courage. He makes no plea of self-defense, and seems to think he can purchase his liberty. Excitement runs high in the upper end of the county, and it is probable that an attempt will be made to lynch him. The murdered man was an uncle of the Sheriff of the county, and Robinson is now in his care. It is generally felt that no very strong resistance could be made to a mob. There are three men in the Jeffersonville jail who richly deserve hanging—Robinson, Carney Horn, who outraged three women, and Macy Warner, a convict, who, without any provocation, cut a fellow-prisoner's throat.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

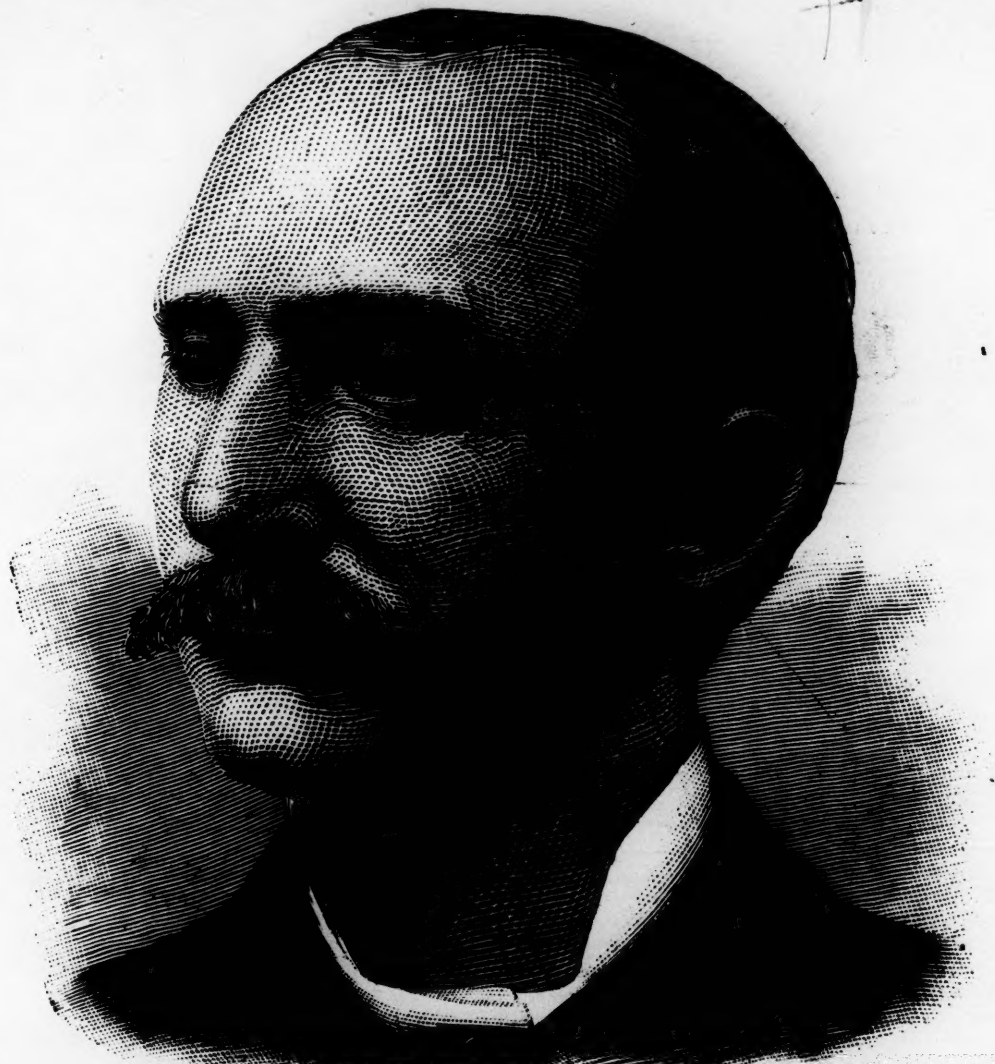
The great fight of altogether unprecedented interest which Richard K. Fox has arranged between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jem Smith, champion of England, is elaborately discussed elsewhere. On another page some of the suggestive features of the affair are admirably illustrated.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD E. FOX by TABER, San Francisco, Cal.]

FRANK VAN NESS,

THE ENTERPRISING AND DASHING OWNER OF HARRY WILKES.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD E. FOX by EDGALL, 487 Eighth Ave. New York.]

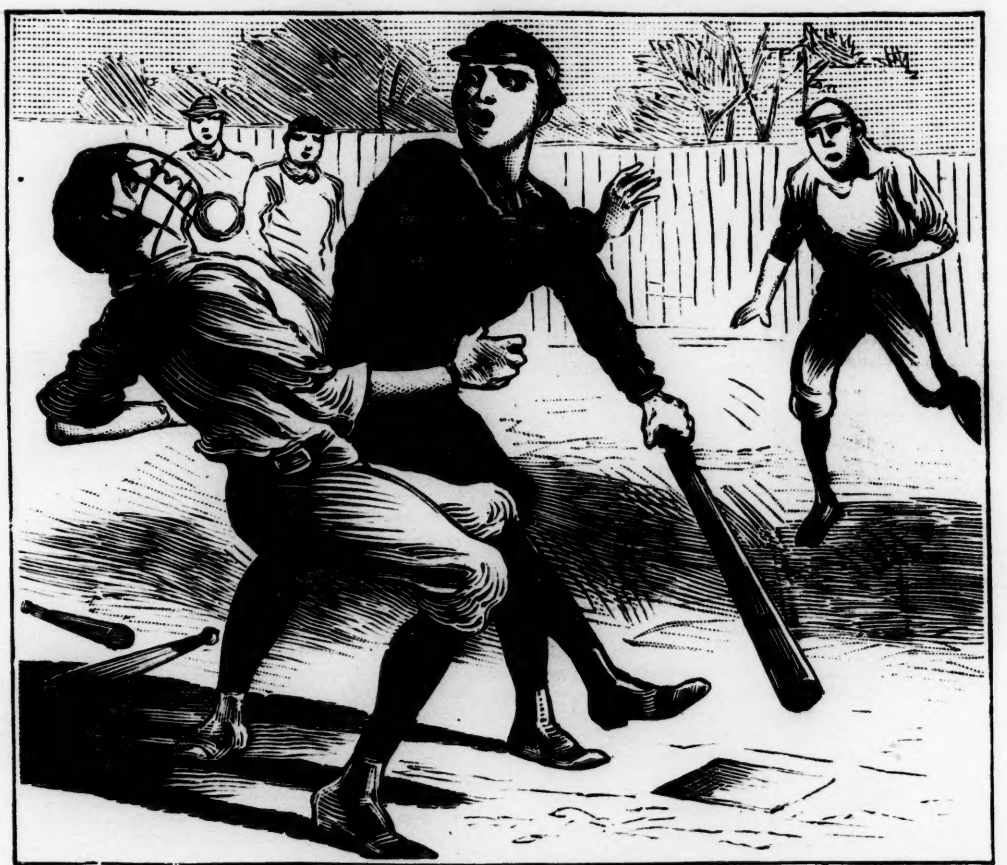
D. B. GOFF,

THE FAMOUS TRAINER AND DRIVER OF HARRY WILKES.



HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

ADAM RACKE, A DUTCH COUNTERFEITER, IS NAILED IN THE MIDST OF HIS BUSINESS BY UNITED STATES OFFICERS.



KILLED BY A FOUL TIP.

EDDIE MCDADE, CATCHER OF THE MT. VERNON BASEBALL CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, DIES FROM A STRANGE ACCIDENT.



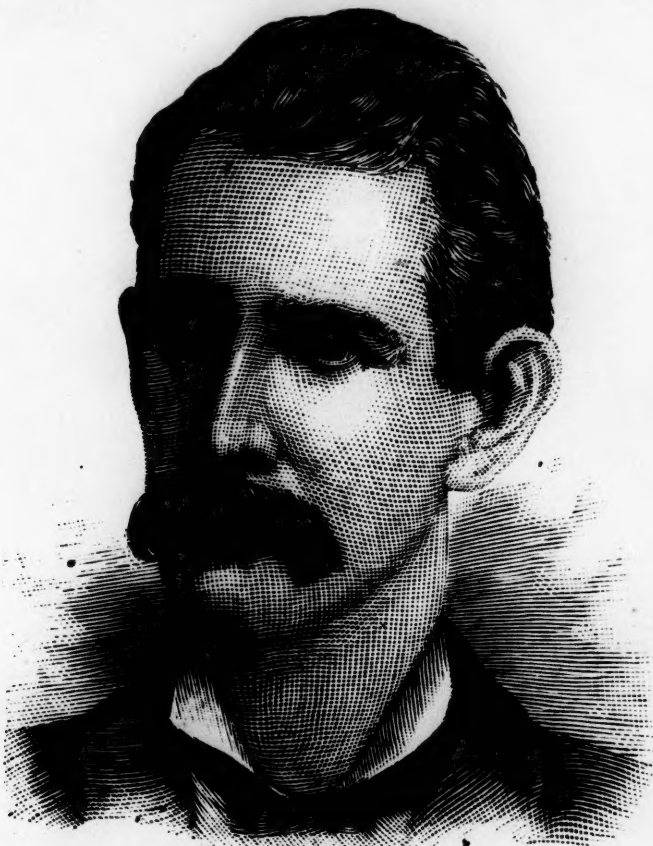
HE RAISED CANE.

E. B. FOX, A WOULD-BE DUELIST OF EL PASO, TEXAS, IS BADLY THRASHED BY SHERIFF WHITE, IN RETURN FOR A CHALLENGE.



ROBBED IN A PRIVATE CAR.

ASST. GENL. PASS. AGENT CRANE OF THE WABASH WESTERN RAILROAD IS STOOD UP FOR HIS BOODLE BY AN UNKNOWN BUGGLAR.



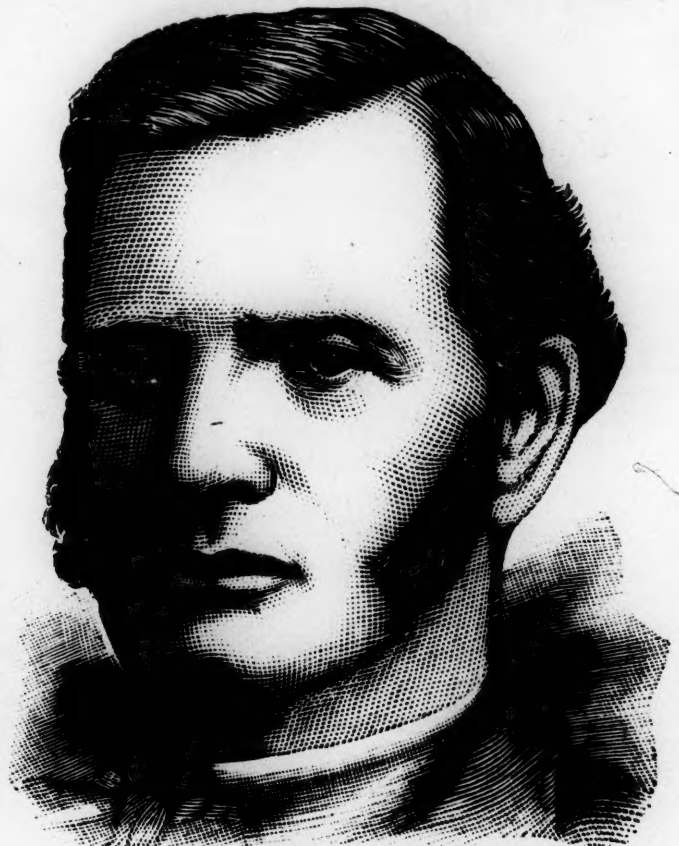
JERRY W. EDES,

THE KEEPER OF WAMPUM OF THE IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN WHO IS ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLING THE FUNDS, READING, PA.



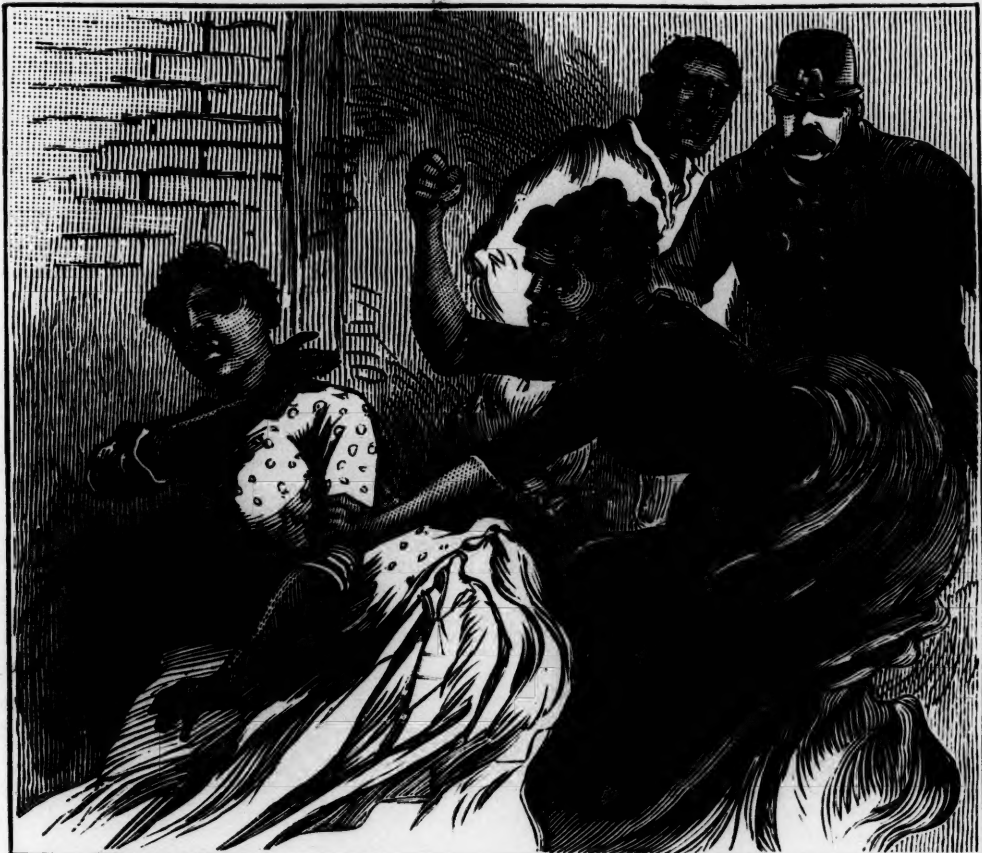
MRS. ISABEL LYON,

THE WIFE OF THE DOCTOR WHO KILLED MOE, WHO FOLLOWED HER HUSBAND BY COMMITTING SUICIDE HERSELF, TOWANDA, PA



DR. RANDOLPH LYON,

THE WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WHO SHOT AND KILLED AUCTIONEER RHODE MOE IN A DISPUTE NEAR TOWANDA, PA.



ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A WHITE MAN:

DRUEKY JOHNSON AND MARY SINCLAIR, TWO WENCHES, HAVE A DESPERATE BATTLE IN A STORE AT FERNANDO, FLORIDA.



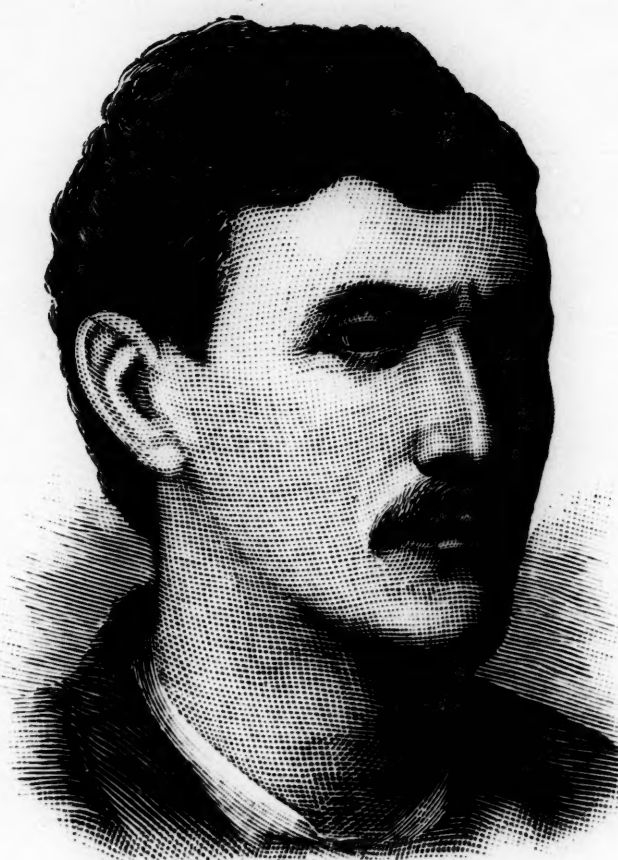
NEW HAVEN GODIVAS.

HOW THE NAUGATUCK RIVER NEAR THAT GOOD OLD YANKEE TOWN SUPPLIES A SUPERIOR BLACK CROOK SHOW GRATIS.



GENERAL TUTTLE,

OF DES MOINES, IOWA, WHO OPPOSED PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ATTENDING THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE G. A. R.



SAMUEL HAY,

THE VICTIM OF JACOB ROBINSON'S TERRIBLE SHOT-GUN WHICH FILLED HIM WITH SLUGS, CLARK COUNTY, IND.



JACOB ROBINSON,

THE SILVER-HAIRED SLAYER OF SAMUEL HAY WHO RUNS THE CHANCE OF BEING LYNCHED, CLARK COUNTY, IND.

A FOUL FIEND.

The Unknown Miscreant Who
Has Resumed His Work
of Butchery.

WHO IS HE?

A Profound Suspicion That the Gainesville Wretch Committed the Murders at Austin in 1884-5.

PERHAPS A LUNATIC.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Gainesville, Texas, July 18, says: Yesterday was a sorrowing day for Gainesville. The memory of one young girl murdered and another still hanging between life and death, acted like a pall on the city. At all churches the services partook of a funeral character. People in assembling seemed to



THE KILLING OF LIZZIE SHELLEY.

tread more softly and whisper words of sympathy and sorrow for the hearts to-day bowed down in suffering. The firm tones of the men in talking over the bloody double butchery showed that the fire of human vengeance still burns, and seems to be fed by time.

An investigation, after five days' analysis of every circumstance attending the murder, utterly fails to find the slightest reasonable clue; hushed conjecture is beginning to connect the assault upon these two girls with the horrible series of murders in Austin two years ago. Nine women were killed in just twelve months' time in that neighboring city, and almost every incident in each of those murders is duplicated in last Wednesday night's tragedy here. There was never a clue found to the perpetrator of the Austin murders. There was never an explanation to them, except that they were the work of one man, and he a maniac. The horrible fear is beginning to spread that he has begun his work here.

The Austin series started on one Christmas eve and closed with a double tragedy on the eve of the next sacred natal day.

The first victim of the bloody line was Mary Smith, a colored servant woman. Her body was found in the yard attached to her house on Christmas morning, 1884. There had been frightful mutilation gashes and cuts so vigorously made that the body fell apart when the neighbors came to lift it into a coffin. It was a bright moonlight night when the murder was committed, and the assassin seemed to take abundance of time for his work. His footsteps were traced here and there around the yard, as though he had lingered long about the spot. There was deliberation marked at every point, and with no slight effort at concealment. It seems incredible that no clue was left leading up to the assassin. Explanation came readily enough. It was a discarded lover, the general opinion agreed, who had done the deed, and there was not much talk over it.

But on the night of May 7, 1885, Lizzie Shelley, another colored servant, was killed in precisely the same fashion. It was a bright moonlight night, as before. There was the same dragging out of the victim from her bed to the open air; then the gashing and slashing with some instrument of the hatchet type—not a mere killing or forcing into insensibility, but a repeated use of the weapon, as though the ruffian found delight in hearing the thud upon the bone and flesh of his victim. The same explanation came readily enough—jealousy and the gratification of love turned to hate. In June came the third on the list. She, too, was a colored servant girl, Irene Cross. There was the hacking and mutilation, the same seeming fiendish delight in mangling the body. In this case it was not dragged out to the open air, but the victim's room showed that the ruffian had been hurried away by an alarm which he imagined had been directed at him.

This crime stirred the community. The negroes

were certain that some terrible Voodoo was working out an evil charm, and there was a great sale of all manner of nostrums and queer combinations to fight off the evil one. The white population began to put out some efforts, but the culmination had not yet been reached, and the unknown fiend felt emboldened in his work.

On August 30 of that year the same assassin, it now seems clear, visited a cabin on the place of Mr. V. O. Weed, a nephew of the late Thurlow Weed. In the cabin were two colored servants, mother and daughter—Rebecca Ramey, aged 40, and Mary Ramey, aged 12. It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Mr. Weed heard

infant son. The young man lay groaning upon the bed, gashed into the brain above the right ear with the familiar hatchet mark. The sleeping child had its garments saturated with the blood of its parents. The mother was absent, but there was the open tell-tale trail leading out to the yard and there the nude body of Mrs. Phillips lay, assaulted, with the skull cleft almost in two by a blow dealt upon the forehead. A log had been lifted and flung across the chest. There had been no outcry, not the least sound or appeal for help, nothing until the quickly awakened father heard the groaning of his son and hurried down to the ghastly spectacle.



ANOTHER VICTIM.

groans in this cabin. He found the mother bleeding from a gash in the head, and the daughter missing. The trail was a hot one, for fresh blood spots led to a stable half a mile away where the body of the girl was found, assaulted, and beaten on the head with that same hatchet blow. There was not the usual scene of butchery, but there were evidences of haste in the work. The excitement ran up to fever heat, and when bloodhounds were put on the scent and a ten miles track was made in and out of the city streets, then out into the country and back until the scent was lost in the streets again.

Another month swung by and people had ceased to sleep with rifle in hand behind double-barred doors. Sept. 20 was the date of the next bloody act. Again the scene was a negro cabin, this time occupied by four people—Mrs. Gracie Vance, Orange Washington, Lucinda Boddy and Patsy Gibson, two mulatto girls. There were two apartments. In one the murderer beat the girls into insensibility, apparently with a sand club. The man was hammered into insensibility, and died the next morning; while Mrs. Vance was dragged out of the cabin through a window, taken along the road some eighty yards and there, after assault, had her brains beaten out. A stone club was the weapon of murder used in this case, and the hatchet or heavy cleaver seemed to have been left at home. In the lifeless fingers of Grace Vance was a bit of watch chain with broken crystal, but even this carelessly left piece of evidence did not serve to lead to the detection of the criminal.

October brought the next one of the list. It was another colored woman, Alice Davis, and she, too, was dragged from her bed in a cabin, taken some distance away, assaulted and then hacked up far past the limit of ordinary killing. A whirlwind of doubt and dread swept over the city. Whites and blacks alike were in terror, but especially the latter, whose superstitions fear was at times most pitiful to see.

The last and bloodiest of the awful series was on Christmas Eve, 1885. Mrs. Hancock and her husband lived in a pretty cottage in one of the quiet streets of Austin. He was a mechanic of good standing, a white man. Hearing a slight noise on that night he went to

The bloodhounds came in on Christmas morning, took up both trails only to follow them a way, and then to bay in acknowledgment of defeat.

Not alone was the instinct of the brute called in to find the criminal, but the best detective talent which money could secure was brought to bear on the case; but to-day they are as much shrouded in mystery as they were a year and a half ago. The husband of the murdered Eula Phillips was tried for her murder, as was the husband of Mrs. Hancock. In each case long and exhaustive trials were had, but nothing was brought out of a criminating character. The Pinkertons were called upon to aid in unravelling the crime, and given carte blanche as to time and money. Other detectives, too, were employed, but so far not even a remote clue has been unearthed.

The present tragedy is thus described: Miss Genie Watkins, the daughter of a hotel keeper in Dallas, had been on a visit to Miss Mamie Bostwick, the daughter of a rich cattle dealer in Gainesville. They were aged nineteen and twenty years respectively. The house was a single story one and, after the Texas fashion, spreading over a good deal of ground. The two young ladies occupied separate beds in a front room. It was about three o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Bostwick heard a slight scuffle in the girls' room. It was just on the first edge of daylight, and when she entered the apartment her glance fell first upon the figure of a man sitting near the window with his feet upon the sill, as though taking a rest after a difficult job. He was thoroughly at ease, and without extra haste, placed his hand upon the sill, vaulted lightly out and disappeared, leaving only the imprint of his bloody palm upon the woodwork. Mrs. Bostwick turned to the beds where the girls were moaning in insensibility. Mrs. Bostwick screamed and fainted away, but aid came at once.

The household was aroused, and all that could be done by medical skill was done for the two young ladies. They were both fearfully gashed, and the blood-flowing turned the room to the appearance of a slaughter-house. There had been struggles of youth and vigor against the assailant, but in each instance the hatchet had been used to give the quietus to the



ONE MORE TRAGIC DISCOVERY.

his wife's apartment. He found the bed empty and gory. The trail of blood was short and fresh. It ran to the yard and there on the ground, weltering in her blood and gasping, lay the wife, with two hatchet wounds in the head, not yet dead, but beaten into insensibility; she died the next morning. There was the bright moonlight as before, the apparent invitation to detection, and yet the old time immunity from detection. But the murder of one white woman was not the whole record of that Christmas Eve. After midnight Mr. James Phillip heard groaning in a lower room of his house. The room whence the sounds came was occupied by a married son, together with his wife and

victim. Miss Watkins had received two blows. One had cut through the bones of the forehead from the right temple across to the left. It was given with force, and from the gaping opening the brains were pouring out upon the clotted blood. Another blow had fallen upon the right temple and had forced in the bones of the skull in such a way as to force the eye from its socket. There were bruises upon the arm as though the assailant had clutched her in a strong grip against her struggles to free herself from his hold.

Miss Bostwick was three times struck with that active hatchet. One blow on the left temple fractured the skull, another cut was a deep, triangular slash on the

right cheek, the third opened the face from the corner of the nose to the centre of the upper lip. Two upper teeth were knocked out and two lower ones were broken. The wounds were terrible and the pain from them was excruciating. Yet the victim lived, and her first inquiry upon becoming conscious was about Genie. She was evidently not aware of what had taken place. From such questions as could be put to the wounded girl it was inferred that the assailant was a white man with a black mustache, but with such wounds it is not surprising that the mind wandered, and little weight can be placed upon such information. Here was her almost inarticulate story: When asked if she saw her assailant she said, "Yes."

"Was he colored?"
"No."
"White?"
"Yes, and had a black mustache."
"Where did you see him first?"
"In the yard."
"With what were you struck?"
She returned no answer.
"With a stick?"
"No."
"With a hatchet?"
"Yes."
"Did the man enter at the window?"
"No."
"At the door?"
"Yes."
"Did he go out through the window?"
"Yes."

She saw him first "in the yard." Did this murderer, as his Austin prototype, drag his victim out of doors after beating her into insensibility, and then perhaps return her mangled body to the bed? Several of the Austin victims must have been beaten into unconsciousness while asleep, and then taken away, for their outcry would else have alarmed others in the house. The deliberation of the Gainesville murderer makes it possible that he did so drag the helpless body out and back again. But if so he must be a maniac.

There was bright moonlight before—as on each night of the nine Austin murders—and an examination showed that the hard sod outside the windows had failed to take the impress of the assassin's foot. But when daylight came, tracks were found in the ploughed ground among the growing corn, in which a large portion of the vacant lot adjoining is planted. Still there was little to indicate that the tracks belonged to the murderer save the fact of their being found near the scene of his assault. The tracks were evidently made by feet encased in socks only and were of gigantic size, measuring over 12 inches in length. Another



THE MURDER OF THE RAMEY WOMEN.

track of different size and shape was also found leading towards the house, but neither could be found near the window at which the fiend made his egress.

In the meantime at least 500 men, divided in twenty or more posses, mounted on horseback, scoured the country in all directions. As they went along they aroused the farmers, who joined in the pursuit. Nine arrests were made and the suspected parties were put under guard to await examination. They were doubly protected by resolute men for fear the enraged populace would tear them limb from limb even on the slightest suspicion of guilt.

The arrested men one by one easily succeeded in proving their innocence, and then came an astonishing suggestion from young Abel Norwood, of Dallas, who was the affianced lover of Miss Watkins and who came on here at once after the murder. Perhaps the young man is somewhat unbalanced by his grief, but here is his story: He met in Dallas some time ago a young lady, whose name he declines to give, who fell in love with him.

At first he thought that the murder was the work of a discarded suitor of Miss Watkins, but now he believes it was instigated by the infatuated young woman referred to. After meeting this person he says he did not call on her until invited by letter to do so, and "then did not make any advances to indicate that he regarded her in any but the light of a mere friend." She told him that she had understood he was engaged to Miss Watkins, and vowed that she did not wish to come between them, but declared that she loved him and that "she could work harder and make more sacrifices for his happiness than Miss Watkins could. He repelled her advances gently but firmly, telling her that Genie loved him and that he loved Genie and must be true to her." This young lady sent for him several times, so he avers, and never wearied of telling him of her devotion, though she saw her case was hopeless. He gave the place of her residence, which is a small Texas city, he said. She never was in Gainesville that he knew of, but he seemed to think, in spite of his disclaimer, that some one might have hired some one to be a representative here.

In fact, there are all manner of reports, besides the conjecture that the murder was the work of a maniac. It is asserted, and the report seems to come from a reliable source, that Capt. Watkins stated in an interview that Miss Genie Watkins was a very important witness in a case several years ago wherein a man was sent to the penitentiary for robbery, and that the man's sentence was out a few days before this murder was committed. The man was heard to vow vengeance at the time of his conviction, and it is possible he may be the guilty party, having committed the crime at the first opportunity he had to secure the vengeance he vowed long ago.

PARIS UNVEILED.

The Fascinating Shoplifter of
the Metropolis Scientifically
Considered.

EROTIC CRANKS.

How He Joins the Destructive Maniac
and the Hair-Cutter in Their
Nefarious Work.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER.

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CHAPTER IX.

SHOPLIFTERS (Continued).

"One of the strangest things about shoplifting is that many of its professors are in a sense monomaniacs who go in for 'collecting' one special line of articles. One accumulates nut-crackers, another corkscrews, a third cuffs and collars, a fourth pepper-casters, a fifth spirit lamps, and so on. Very frequently the kleptomaniacs have no earthly use for the goods they steal.

"Poverty is seldom pleaded as an excuse, and the woman who is addicted to shoplifting is, as a rule, a gay and festive creature who enjoys life to the uttermost. Only one woman in a thousand steals a garment for her child.

"Just as most public men yearn to be the owners of decorations, most fashionable women crave laces, silks and diamonds. If they are homely they want to be attractive, and if they are pretty they want to have their charms expressed in the height of fashion. It is a law of feminine existence. Poor or rich, they are all equally possessed by the same cupidity.

"Stores in which novelties are sold are a paradise for these women. The attractions they see on every side are absolutely irresistible, and they make no effort to restrain themselves.

"The woman who steals deliberately and with calculation is not a kleptomaniac—she is, simply, a thief. Fashionable milliners, game-dealers and confectioners are well up in the way of this class of customer. They provide a remedy by posting one of the clerks at the door, who asks the lady as she goes out whether she hasn't forgotten something. In this delicate way the price of a missing box of candies or some other trifle is usually recovered.

"There is a certain Madame de F.—a lady of the highest society—whose pilferings are all known to the police. Eight days ago she 'collared' a *pate de foie gras*, worth 40 francs (\$8), in a store where she had just paid a very large bill.

"It seemed a terrible thing to suspect so prominent a lady—in whose drawing rooms the leaders of Parisian society constantly commingle.

"She has horses and carriages. Her husband occupies a distinguished position and is universally respected and esteemed. She is very rich and far above the seductions of coquetry and the pressure of need.

"It was, however, by no means the first time she yielded to temptation, and a good many dealers in delicacies are well acquainted with her 'weakness.'

"It is the fashion, nowadays, to plead insanity as a defence for almost every variety of crime, and the most recent outcome of this theory is the statement that pregnancy, which works certain mental changes in some women, must be considered a mitigating circumstance.

"For example, the other day there occurred a curious illustration of this. The widow of an engineer of the department of canals and bridges met with what Sarah Bernhardt calls 'a little accident' two years after the death of her husband. Unable any longer to conceal the consequences of her error, she made some excuse or another and came to Paris in search of a midwife.

"Caught in the act of pilfering from a big dry goods store, she was arrested and searched. About twenty articles of the most trifling value were taken from her. They were discovered in her lodgings, piled in great disorder in the bottom of a wardrobe.

"Now, this woman was most clearly irresponsible. She had come to Paris to escape the results of a misstep, and she committed others much less natural, not in any degree excusable, and which, under judicial prosecution, would entail the greatest and vilest disgrace on herself and family.

"The double offense was more than she could stand charged with—and she committed suicide.

"I once saw a pickpocket sixty-seven years of age, acquitted in a police court on the preposterous plea that when she was in an interesting condition she was not responsible for her acts.

"Perhaps the credit given to this extraordinary excuse in behalf of a woman sixty-seven years old, was due to the fact that she had retained, with a fee of 3,000 francs (\$600), one of the leaders of the Paris bar.

"In every instance 'kleptomania' shows itself to the greatest advantage in the big stores. It has grown so common and so general that it really seems to be contagious. If we go on excusing it and treating it as a mental infirmity instead of a criminal habit, we shall have to establish separate asylums for victims of the malady.

"We are now in one of the largest establishments in Paris. Look down from this gallery, if you please, on

that seething, jostling, elbowing tide of humanity of which heads form the waves.

"You will notice that the male sex is altogether in the minority.

"Watch that man, carelessly dressed and negligent of his appearance, with the polka-dotted necktie. He is quite alone. What is he in search of? The air round him is charged with womanliness, if I may coin an expression. He is borne hither and thither like a cork on a stream. Something gets in the way of the moving mass of women. They stop for an instant. The man makes prodigious efforts to free himself from contact with the crowd. He succeeds. The way is made clear for him. But it is evidently not liberty of which he is in search. In place of profiting by his escape from the crowd, he plunges into it once more. See the smile of balmy contentment with which he resigns himself to being buffeted and jostled and borne this way and that way by the pressure of women. Watch him, with open nostrils, drinking in the odor of the femininity in which he is enveloped.

"He is an erotic crank. He delights in the accidental and thoughtless contacts of the moment as a fish delights in its native element.

"Such a monomaniac was Monsieur X., whose arrest must still be fresh in your mind.

"These erotic cranks who revel in imperceptible contact with women, under the cover of which they occasionally take liberties, are astonishingly numerous. There are as many of them as there are pickpockets, and one class is often mistaken for the other.

"It is not an easy subject to treat or discuss. Medical men, I believe, have classified it.

"Every day in some of the big stores of Paris young and pretty women complain of the gross and indecent familiarities to which they are subjected in a crowd by men who are apparently respectable gentlemen. Most of them are between forty and fifty years of age. They dress plainly and in many instances their apparel is faded and threadbare. They attract no attention by their appearance, and are most systematic in the performances of which they are guilty.

"There is still another class whom we call 'destructive cranks.' These monomaniacs love to carry scissors and cut pieces off the clothing of the women they encounter. A good many of them make collections of the snippings they accumulate. To each they pin a card on which you may read the date, the name of the store and a brief sketch of the woman thus despoiled.

"You have no idea of the damage caused by 'destructive cranks.' They prefer, as a rule, establishments frequented by the most richly dressed women in Paris.

"Next to 'destructive cranks' come, in importance, the 'hair-cutters.' I know half a dozen of these fellows who devote themselves to cutting off the braids of young girls about ten or twelve years old. The excuses they offer when arrested are evidently mere lunatic special pleading.

"I can't help it. It is an irresistible mania with me. I never think of the child herself. It is her beautiful hair which attracts me and makes me commit the folly. I see it—and I must possess it."

"Besides these 'cranks' I have on my list the collectors of handkerchiefs. The professional thief scorns a handkerchief and goes every time for the pocketbook. On the other hand, the amateur 'crank' disdains the pocketbook and aims for the handkerchief.

"Stealing handkerchiefs from young women is a regular business. At the last universal exposition, a tailor, after three successive arrests, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. His first two captures did not have any reformatory influence on him. In his room were found no less than three hundred handkerchiefs embroidered with various initials.

"When one of these fellows 'snatches' a handkerchief he passes it to his lips and revels in the perfume just as a drunkard revels in the odor of liquor.

"It is a curious fact that the women who are thus ill-treated are, as a rule, very loth to make any complaints. It is, of course, very difficult for a decent and respectable female to distinguish between accidental contact with people in a crowd and the insulting demonstrations of erotic cranks. When there is no mistaking the nature of the familiarities which are inflicted on them, they blush and get out of the way as fast as possible, rather than occasion scandal by making a scene.

"I am sorry to say that while this is the rule with the majority of women, there are a few who rather like to be insulted, and who frequent the stores with the hope that some man will be rude enough to ill-behave.

Just at this moment the electric bell sounded.

"I know what that means. The Countess de B. has, as usual, fished something from the notion counter. She has been arrested and will, as a matter of course and without the least resistance, pay 500 francs (\$100) to the charity fund."

"How old is this noble kleptomaniac?"

"About sixty. She is immensely rich, and nothing but meanness makes her a thief. We need waste no sympathy on her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A YOUNG BUTCHER'S LUCK.

He Wins \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

"I want to see a reporter," said an unusually happy-looking individual as he entered the *Chronicle* building. On being introduced to one of the staff he commenced by saying that his name was A. J. Trefts and that he lived in Butchertown. As there was a very large fire recently in that part of the city there was apparently no great reason for such unusual joy as that manifested by Mr. Trefts. He, however, was very anxious to communicate the news of a godsend which had fallen to him soon after he had been burnt out.

"I am the fellow. I won it. Just bought one ticket and got \$15,000. That's luck, isn't it?" said the jovial Trefts.

Then it began to dawn upon the reporter that he was really in the presence of another one of the lucky holders of a winning number of a Louisiana lottery prize. Mr. Trefts had come down of his own free will to tell of his lucky venture.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I read that number," said he, "82,748. I looked at my ticket and turned it over and laid it down beside the paper and compared it, and then I began to think I was the luckiest man I ever met. Just think, one ticket and all that money for \$1."

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Trefts?" asked the interviewer.

"I am going to extend my business right away for that fire nearly did for me. I didn't believe much in The Louisiana State Lottery before, and I just thought to myself when I bought the ticket 'well, I've lost enough already, this dollar will never be missed,' and now you may be sure I never stop thinking how glad I was I bought it, and so I thought I would drop in and tell you all about it." *San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, July 2.

INFATUATION.

Romantic Connection of an American
Girl With a French
Tragedy.

A special from Paris, July 8, says: A novel side of the character of the American girl abroad is disclosed to public view by a packet of letters found in the possession of Franzini, the dastardly murderer of poor Marie Regnault, whose trial commences to-day. From these letters it appears that the writer, the daughter of a New York banker, became acquainted with the plausible adventurer while spending the fall of 1886 at one of the large hotels in Paris. The acquaintance soon ripened into something warmer, as will be revealed by the passages from the correspondence which I give below. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that the murder of Marie Regnault was planned and executed with the purpose of obtaining sufficient money to carry the Italian adventurer to New York, where a young girl with more money than brains was waiting to throw herself into his arms. If, after having killed and robbed the young Marie, who had placed such trust in him, the scoundrel had not in the hurry of flight left behind him on the scene of the murder a pair of cuffs which gave the police a clew which resulted in his arrest, there can be no doubt that Franzini, under some other and perhaps more noble name, would have been an interesting figure in the society of Newport and Bar Harbor this summer.

The day subsequent to her arrival in New York from Paris Miss E. writes:

"My family is happy at seeing us all well again and at home. They are always afraid that some misfortune would befall us alone in Paris. Something indeed did befall me, and I am so glad of it! My mother desires me to say that she has a very favorable opinion of you, that she remembers you with affectionate interest, which is very lucky, because she is a woman of strong prejudices. If you come here just send me a line, saying, 'I am here.' You may then come and see my family as often as you wish to.

"The city is very attractive in winter—almost as nice as Paris. But New York is not so wicked, or rather so immoral, as Paris. The French, you know, trumpet their vices to the world; we hide ours. Like all great cities, of course, New York is immoral, but the women are not so frivolous as the Parisiennes and there is much more family life.

"Grand Dieu! When I remember how I gave myself to you without reservation on that fatal day, how I placed myself entirely at your mercy, I tremble, because you would never believe that I loved then for the first time, and that I was so blinded by the love I bore you that I could refuse nothing. I should have waited until, as you promised, you had made me your wife. I have made a terrible mistake—that is, unless you come to New York and reassure me that it is not so terrible after all. My mother is surprised at the depth of my love for you. She believes, however, in fatality, and thinks that I do well in obeying the impulses of my heart.

"You told me, that last night we spent in Paris, that when you were young your father told you to grow up strong and athletic—not to be too intellectual, but to have lots of muscle and common sense. You also told me that you were very sensitive and impressionable, and that often the least thing would quite upset you—a little nothing, about which most people would not think an instant. All this tells me that you have a refined nature, and I do so love sensitive and impressionable people.

"I recall now all the little things that passed between us—even those things which displeased you, my love. I always wear a veil now, and lower my eyes when men are around me, for I wish to keep my eyes for you alone. I was so glad to see that you were so strong and fearless that evening you spoke to me of the enemies that harassed you. I do not love men who are all fat and flesh. I love manly strength and common sense."

Miss E's letters follow at short intervals of three and four days. From them it appears that in order to explain away his inability to come to America, Franzini had concocted a story to the effect that he was detained in Paris by a lawsuit in which his "whole fortune" was at stake. In another letter she says:

"Patti is here on her farewell visit as usual. Of course that does not mean that it is the last time she will sing here—she makes too much money for that. I often think of the days I spent in Paris; of the Rue de Rivoli, so bright and gay; of the crowded boulevards, and most of all, of our dinners at D's. I was never, never so happy as when walking with you and listening to your English. You must know, my dear, that I love in you the strange element. Among my countrymen I know many who are handsome and even attractive, but as a general thing they have no sentiment, and I live on sentiment!"

In December Miss Emily writes: "Paris is the most vicious city on the face of the earth; there is such a low standard of morality. There is one good thing about the Parisians, however; they conceal nothing. There is much depravity and dissipation here, but not the same hardness is shown in committing it. Besides, there are many societies for the suppression of vice."

"I wish very much to have you leave that great, corrupt city. It is so full of adventurers, of rouses, and of all manner of temptations. I would like very much to study Italian, but the accent is too much for me. But I sing an Italian song every day, in my imagination at least, and as I sing 'To l'amore tanto,' I kiss your photograph. I went to church last Sunday and came home so greatly edified that my family hardly knew me."

During the early weeks of 1887 Miss E. complains bitterly that her letters were not answered. Franzini, who doubtless at the time was fully occupied with other intrigues, at last resorts to a heroic measure which at once saves him from the displeasure of his mistress and casts the mantle of romance about his life—he dictates to a friend a cablegram which announces that he had been desperately wounded in a duel, but is now out of danger. On the 18th of March, the day before Franzini committed his dastardly crime, Miss E. writes:

"This morning I was playing on the violin when your dispatch arrived. I was so happy that I could have sung on all day with this as the burden of my song: 'My darling is out of danger, out of danger.' My father has learned that we correspond and has taken mamma severely to task about it. She told him all about our little romance of last winter—that is as much as poor mamma knows about it."

This is the last of the American letters. Probably before another was written, some morning, in the

very bosom of her family, through the cable accounts in the *World*, Miss E. learned the sinister character of her adorable Don Juan. Among Franzini's effects are many other letters which show the wonderful attraction he possessed for women—an attraction which is not to be explained by his personal appearance, which was only passable; but, unfortunately for our national pride, none of these letters show such obliquity of moral vision and general weakness, or rather want of character, as those written by "Our American Girl," who, fortunately, is a *rara avis* and not typical of her kind.

"DOT LEEDLE FIGHT."

The Real Facts of the Milk in a Californian Cocoa-nut.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The *Herald*, Los Angeles, Cal., having printed a humorous travesty, and the *Express* a studied misrepresentation, of a small fracas that occurred in the *Times* office Wednesday evening, it is only just to give the real facts.

On Wednesday morning the *Times* published as an item of news the fact that the *POLICE GAZETTE*, a disreputable paper of New York, was circulating in this city a circular announcing that the next issue of that sheet would contain an expose of wicked doings by a prominent Los Angeles lawyer and church member. Not wishing to countenance the indecent publication, the *Times* suppressed the name of the lawyer and printed simply the announcement of the news—a rather startling piece of news—that a well-known citizen was thus attacked. Wednesday evening G. Wiley Wells and B. W. Lee entered the editorial rooms of the *Times*. Mr. Wells said the circular was about him, and that the *Times* article was not news, but an attack on him. He laid the blame on Charles F. Lummis, city editor of the *Times*, who informed Mr. Wells that he was responsible for the article, having received it from one of the reporters, read it and sent it in. Col. Wells insinuated that Mr. Lummis had had some hand in the issuing of the circular. Mr. Lummis advised Col. Wells that if he made such remarks he would be thrown out of the building. "Oh, I can throw twenty like you right out of that window," said Col. Wells. He repeated his insinuations, and Mr. Lummis, walking up to him with his hands in his pockets, started in to say that he had never seen the circular till that afternoon, nor heard of it till late the night before. While he was talking, with his hands in his pockets and unsuspecting of attack, Wells drew off and struck him. Mr. Lummis dodged so that the blow just grazed the top of his head, and seizing Wells by the waist, flung him to the floor before those who were standing three feet away could interfere. He refrained from striking a man twelve or thirteen years his senior, and purposed simply to sit on him and finish his argument.

Wells, however, when down, proceeded to gouge and bite in a true frontier fashion, and did inflict a few trivial scratches on Mr. Lummis' face with his finger-nails—the only damage he effected. Mr. Lummis was astride of Col. Wells' back when the other gentlemen in the room pulled Mr. Lummis off. Mr. Lummis did not run behind his desk, nor anywhere else. He stood with arms folded where he rose. Col. Wells crawled seven or eight feet on his hands and knees, and was there assisted to rise. He walked out of the room without any apparent reluctance, and afterward his plug hat, which had rolled under a distant desk, was taken to him. Nobody expressed to Col. Wells any "disgust at Lummis' course," although there was unqualified disapproval of the *POLICE GAZETTE* circular, in which disapproval Mr. Lummis had joined. Col. Wells apologized in the hall for having acted in such a manner. Col. Wells weighs in the vicinity of seventy-five pounds more than Mr. Lummis. There were over half a dozen reputable witnesses in the room, who can certify to the truth of the above statement.

A PROMISING JOURNALIST.

Brilliant Report of a Militia Drill by a Boss Printer.

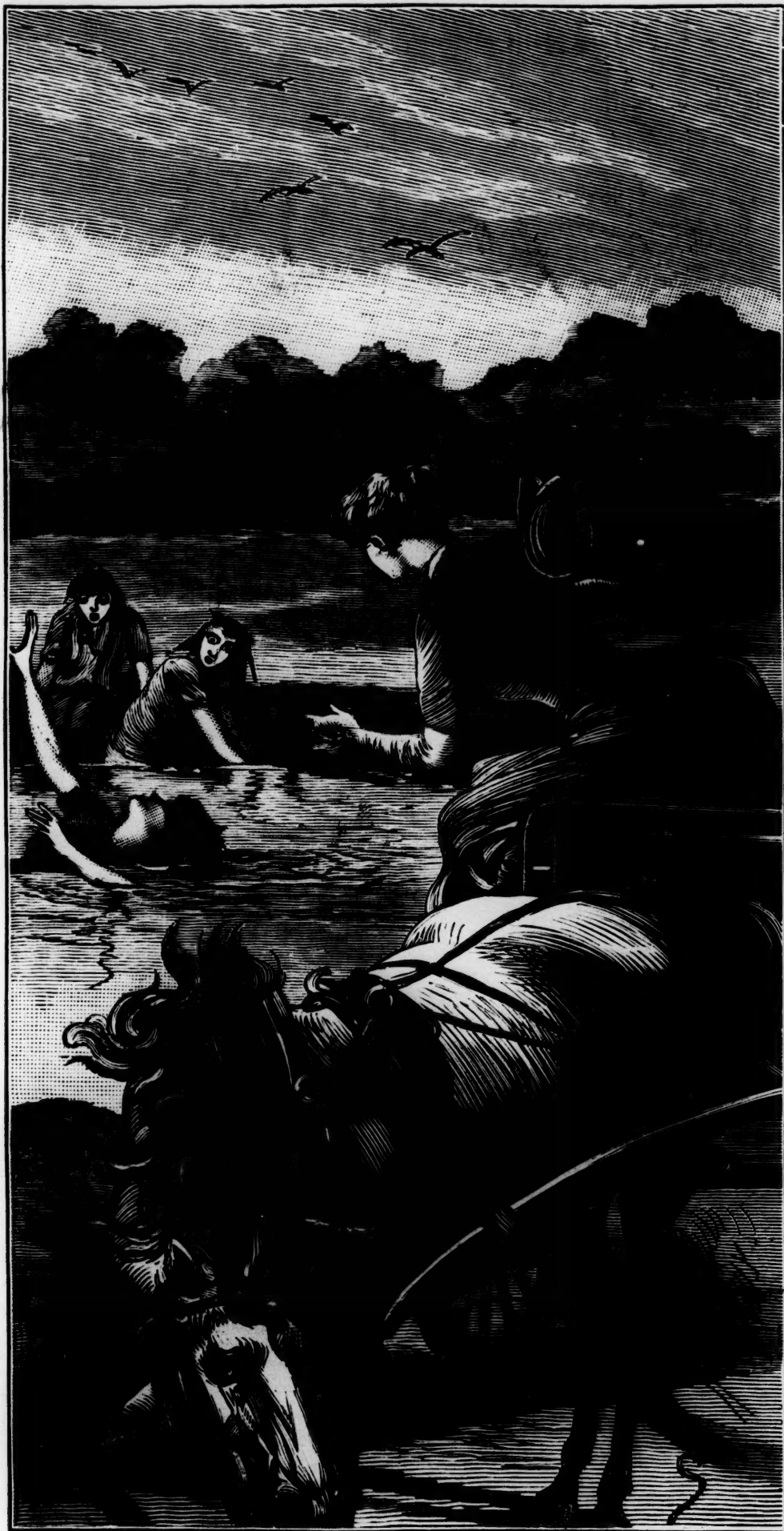
One day during the encampment the managing editor, says the *Houston Post*, found he was short a man to report part of the proceedings on the grounds. Spying the foreman of the composing room, he requested him to take notes of a company drill and this is the way he did it:

"Promptly at four o'clock the company marched upon the ground and were received by a burst of applause. Immediately the father of the chapel called time and the foreman of the company began to call off by slugs. When they called out slug 1 they unfixed bayonets and kept on through the manual by numbers. The company was made up of numerous wrong fents, there being a pica man alongside a minion one and a brevier boy alongside of a nonpareil one. In company front the line was very unevenly justified, there being a 3-em space between some members, while between others there was fully a 3-em quad. In platoon movements the fellow who acted as right hyphen slipped below the line and all three of the proof-readers commenced to mark errors. In wheeling left in circle one handful got badly squabbled, and when they went to call off a phalanx of four to send to the front and center the whole form got pried and the proof-readers and copy-holder again got their work in. In marching in columns of fours another had company error was made. Some thought they had got a price-and-a-half table off the file, while others evidently thought they had struck four columns of figures and words and put in a period when they should only have used a comma, in making time around the drill grounds. When the assistant foremen was ordered to make up a four-page form he made a serious error, having only a pica between two pages, while between others there was a 4-line pica. In marching in double rank the first three lines were solid, while the remainder were leaded and double-leaded, which is not in accordance with tactics. The foreman, assistant foreman, proof-readers and copy-holder all had column rules, which some of them brandished finely. After the three United States proof-readers were through marking errors the company passed out amid a storm of applause. Time, 27 minutes 11-64 seconds."

And he drank nothing but beer, either.

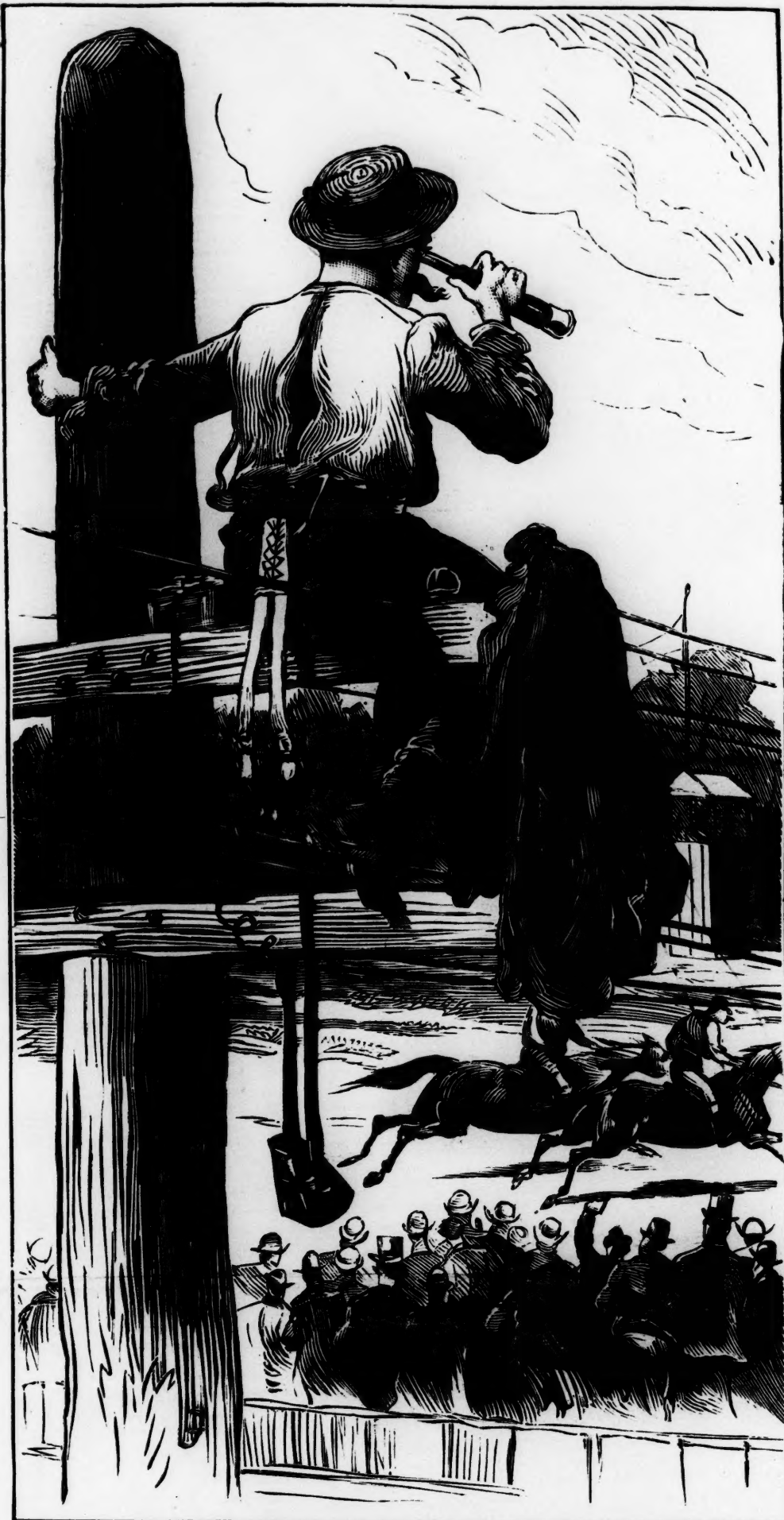
IN HARD LUCK.

A correspondent writes from Michigan City, Ind., July 18: Ira Miles, a convict, who has served three years in the Northern prison, is, indeed, in hard luck. His sentence expired this morning. As he emerged from the gates, as he thought, a free man, he was confronted by Sheriff Earl and Deputy Sheriff L. R. Roney, of Troy, Ohio. A warrant was produced, and he was again under arrest, charged with a forgery committed in Ohio. He was taken to Troy this morning, where he will undoubtedly receive a sentence to the Columbus penitentiary.



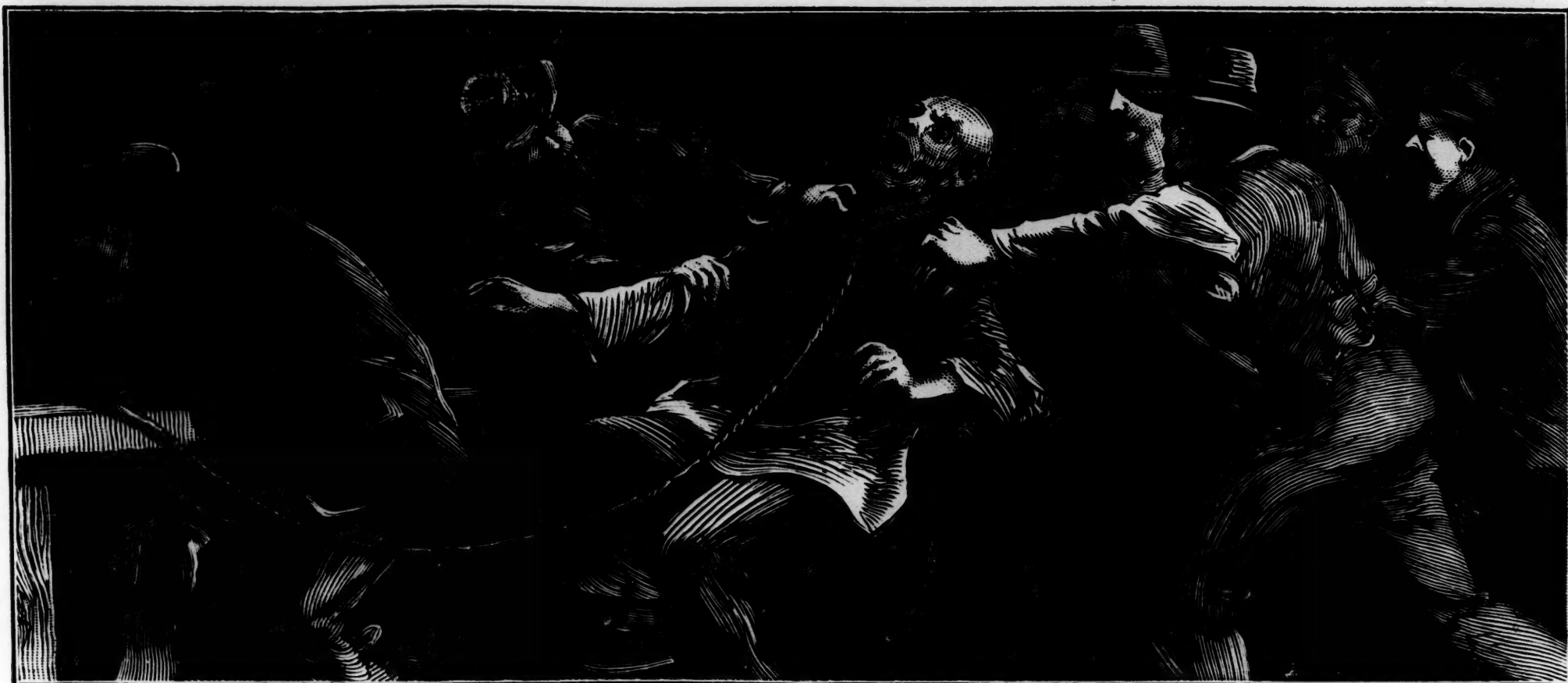
A BRAVE LITTLE LADY.

PETITE MRS. EDWARD HUMPHREYS JUMPS FROM HER DOG-CART TO SAVE A DROWNING CHILD AT SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.



REPORTING IN MID AIR.

HOW THE MONMOUTH PARK RACES ARE WATCHED AND RECORDED BY A BOYCOTTED TELEGRAPH COMPANY.



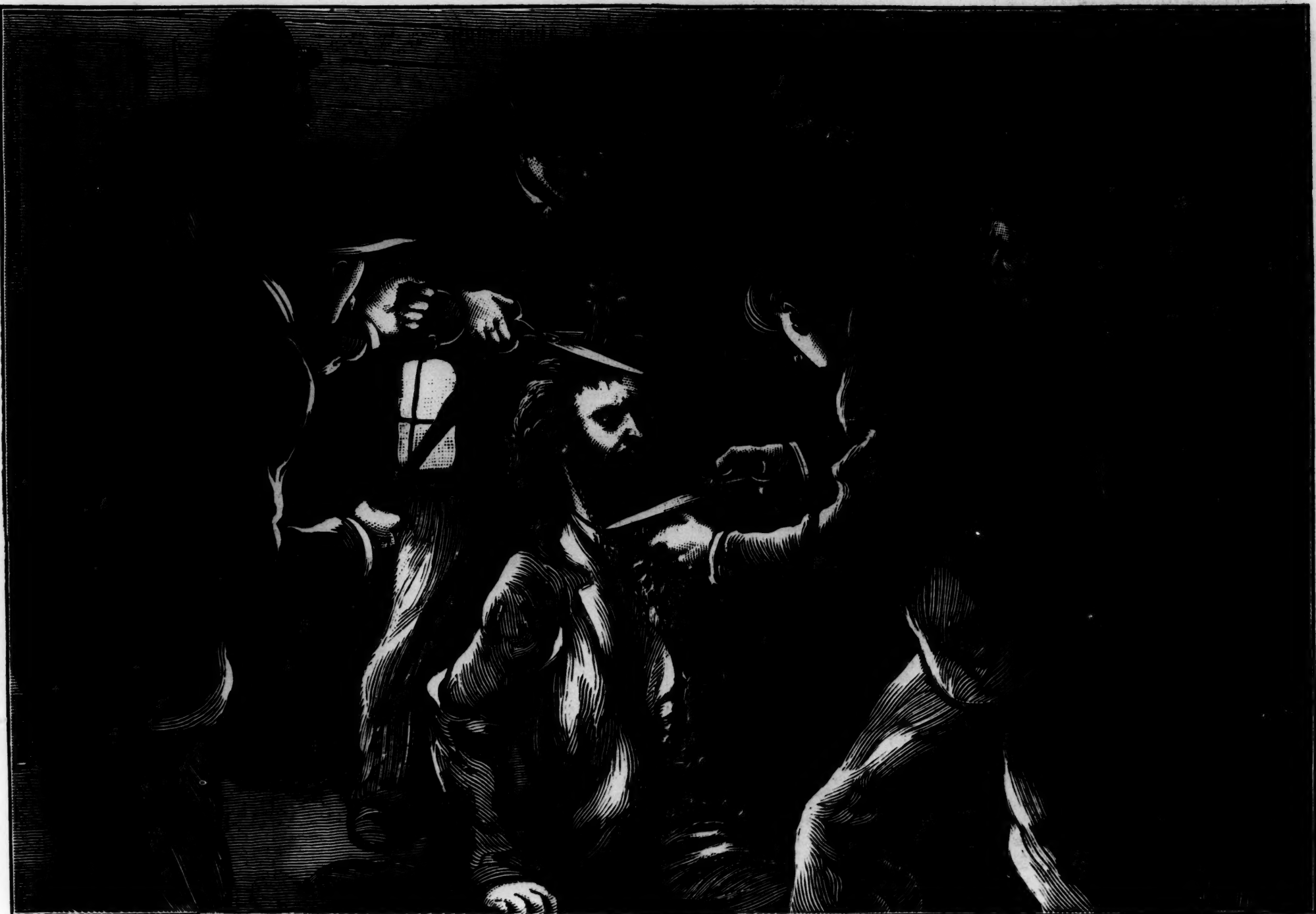
HONG DI HAD TO DIE.

A JURY ACQUITS A CHINESE MURDERER BUT AN INDIGNANT CROWD HANGS HIM TO A RAILROAD BRIDGE AT COLUSA, CALIFORNIA.



"THE PRETTIEST THING I EVER SAW."

A SAMPLE CROWD OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WHO EXPRESS THIS OPINION OF RICHARD K. FOX'S SUPERB ROWING CUP.



SHAVING A SOUL SAVER.

PARSON MNASON IS DEPRIVED OF HIS HAIR AND BEARD FOR COOLNESS' SAKE BY ANGRY VILLAGERS AT PARK RIDGE, NEW JERSEY.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Johnny Reagan has gone into training for his battle with Tom Henry, for \$1,000 a side, at Mott Haven, N. Y. Dan Custy has him in charge for a few days.

Frank White wishes through the "Police Gazette" to thank Jimmy Costello, Florio Costello, Jos. Kittles, Matt Carr, Bob and Wm. H. Diamond for courtesies received while in Poughkeepsie.

Frank Ware, the light-weight champion of Illinois, and trainer of Jack Burke, the celebrated Irish lad, has opened a first-class boxing school at Schorling Hall, corner of 79th street and Vincennes avenue, Chicago.

A Western exchange says: "The impression among sporting men here is that Kilrain is a hard hitter with both hands, but he has not got a fighter's neck or head, though he has legs that can't be surpassed. Those who have seen Sullivan spar say that Kilrain can never beat the Boston boy, who, they say, strips much better than Kilrain and has a better head on him." Looks do not win prize fights, but nerve, stamina, good generalship, cool judgment, courage and the ability to evade and deliver hard blows. Kilrain, the champion, possesses all these necessary qualifications, and his record proves it.

The following explains itself:

WILMINGTON, Del., July 16, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—Seeing all the offers to fight of middle-weights, through your paper I wish you would issue a challenge that I will fight any one hundred and fifty or fifty-five pound man in the country, bar Jack Dempsey. If you will publish this you will oblige.

Yours respt.,

FRANK BOSWORTH,

Middle-weight Champion of New England.

The following cable appeared in the "New York World," Sunday, July 17: "Richard K. Fox, who came over on the Anania with the purpose of inducing Jim Smith to go over to America to fight Jake Kilrain, reached London yesterday morning. Since Sunday he has been at the Lakes of Killarney. He remarked: 'I have come to the metropolis to make the final arrangements for the meeting of Smith and Kilrain, which will indeed be a memorable one. I will back Kilrain with \$5,000 and shall do all that lies within my power to bring the arrangements to a speedy agreement. If the champion of England agrees to the terms proposed, which are the same as those on which Kilrain agreed to fight Sullivan, the match will be soon ratified. I wish the men to meet in the United States, and Smith will, of course, be allowed \$500 for travelling expenses.'"

The following explains itself:

RAE CLARK, Wis., July 12, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR—I saw a notice in the paper speaking of the record of Lewis, the Strangler, and also stating that he won the wrestling match with me in Milwaukee about one year ago. In regard to this I wish to have you state in your paper that for three days previous to that match I was sick and was in no condition to go on with the match, but rather than disappoint him I went on, and I further wish to state that I am now ready and willing to meet Lewis, the Strangler, for from \$250 to \$500 a side, straight Greek Roman match, to be best 2 in 3 or 3 in 5. Should this not be accepted I will wrestle Lewis, the Strangler, straight catch-as-catch-can, for the entire gate receipts, the match to be wrestled six weeks from date in Indianapolis. Yours respectfully,

CHAS. MOTIL,

Eau Claire House,

Eau Claire, Wis.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Cleveland recently met Billy Madden, who said: "Charlie Mitchell is matched to meet Roddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, in a 6-round contest, either in Cleveland or in Shelbyville. I have not yet determined. After this we will go East, and sail soon after to England, backed by Richard K. Fox, where Kilrain will meet Jim Smith, the English champion, whom he will fight in England or any other point where fair play can be assured him, and I have no fears but that he will uphold the honor of America and win the world's championship."

"What do you think of Smith as a pugilist?"

"I think," he replied, "that Smith is a wonderfully powerful man and a great fighter. His forte is his deadly left, and he has a nasty right, too, but in a long and hotly-contested fight, I feel confident that Kilrain can best him. Why do I think so? Well, I have seen Kilrain fight, notably the drawn battle he had with Charlie Mitchell near New York, when I was managing the latter, and I saw that Kilrain was a good general and fought with his brains as well as his hands. I went to his (Kilrain's) backers then and asked them why they didn't make a match with Sullivan, as I thought he could best the 'big fellow' in a fight to the finish, and they said they would, but they didn't. Kilrain is going to do what Sullivan has never dared to do—go and meet Smith on his own ground, and he's going to whip him, too. Mitchell told me when he came over to this country that it was his fondest opinion that Smith could whip Sullivan, and I know myself that he is a terrible fighter. You know he hit Greenfield in the stomach, and Greenfield was never fit for anything afterward. Kilrain is a cool fighter, has two hands and can stand any amount of punishment, and these are the points I'm banking on in this coming fight with the Englishman, which will be such a fight as the world never saw before. Kilrain can get in condition to fight for the championship in three weeks. In fact he is always in condition, and has no vices to weaken him."

Regarding the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and Jim Smith, the champion of England, the New York *Telegram* says: Now that Mr. Richard K. Fox, the backer of "Jake" Kilrain, has arrived on the other side of the big pond, the sporting public have awakened to the fact that an international fight will surely take place. Although no definite arrangements have yet been made by either the backers of Kilrain or Smith, it is more than probable that before the end of this week the cable will announce the ratifying of the match and the naming of the time and place of battle. A well-known American writer, who is now in Europe, and who, by the way, is a very good judge of fighting and fighters, for he has seen the best of them perform in this country, met "Jim" Smith in Paris a short time ago, and had a long conversation with him. "Jim" seems to be very much pleased with the prospect of meeting a real American slugger. Smith has of late been playing an engagement at the Nouveau Cirque, which he has in all probability left by this time, as he and his manager, John Fleming, are anxious to meet Mr. Fox in London. The following is the conversation which was held by Messrs. Fleming and Smith with the American gentleman alluded to. Mr. Fleming said: "There is only one part of Mr. Fox's programme, as I so far understand it, that cannot be carried out. That is the portion which proposes to have the fight in Ireland. Both Smith and myself are under bonds to keep the peace for one year in all the possessions of the crown, and that, of course, includes Ireland, but we can fight in France for all that, and as this is the country where there is least likely to be anything in the way of interference, it is the best place to be for a square, solid fight that shall mean business to the very finish." It is not likely that the Kilrain party will put in any marked objection to a fight in France, which is quite as easy to reach. Smith is anxious to meet a foeman worthy of his steel or his knuckles, and personally he would fight anywhere under the sun, bonds or no bonds; but let his man do foolish things, and he will be sure to have an affair of this magnitude come off under the right circumstances to decide the merits of the men, and to lead up to a future fight with Sullivan. If this battle goes in the right direction, Smith wanted to know about the Lannon affair and such others as happened to remain within my memory. "You will whip Kilrain, I think," I added, "but you must be careful not to

underrate him. He is a fine fighter and probably the best in America, bar Sullivan. You will have your hands full from the time you toe the mark until the thing is over; so you must be prepared to do your prettiest." "I always do," responded the sturdy Englishman, bluntly. "Prize fighting is one of those things one can't afford to fool with, and the man who is apt to go careless ought to stay out of the ring altogether. No man will ever get the best of me because I am not attending to business. If I were to be matched to-morrow against a man to lick to a moral certainty, and lick him easy, I should train just as hard, and fight him just as strong and just as carefully as if he was Sullivan himself. There is only one way to win a fight, and keep winning 'em. That way is to go into the ring in fit condition and knock out your man just as soon as you possibly can. Never fool with him. Just finish him in the quickest fashion possible. No, sir, if Kilrain bests me it won't be my fault. Kilrain will have to fight for all he's worth if he's going to win this battle." Smith loves fighting for the sake of it, and when he gets to work it is hard for him to let go. Of late his sparring exhibitions have been given exclusively with "Toff" Wall, who is the middle weight champion of England, and by all odds the best man in that class I ever saw. Wall can undoubtedly whip Dempsey, or any other American of that weight, and he goes at Smith in these sparring exhibitions like a gamecock. Smith, of course, gets the best of him, but it is the advantage of weight purely. When the engagement for the Paris fortnight was made Wall refused to come, and a very good fighter named Roberts was brought along in his place. The first performance at the Cirque marked an unhappy period in the career of this Mr. Roberts. He led at Smith, who countered vigorously on the nose. Then he led again, and Smith, forgetting that he was not sparring with Wall, let go a counter and a cross-counter, and Roberts went to the floor. When he got up a swinging right-hander sent him sprawling across the ring, almost completely knocked out. Another blow at this juncture would have settled him, but Fleming called time and separated the men and gave the smaller one time to recover, while he cautioned Smith very solemnly about going on in that way. So after that the exhibitions at the Cirque were mere tapping affairs, in which nobody could possibly get hurt, but the first round of the engagement served very well as an example of Smith's tendencies. There is one thing certain, and that is, that no American fighter who comes in contact with him can afford to take chances on an easy victory. In the parlance of the ring, he can "eat" McAdams, or Mitchell, or Burke, or any of that lot, and I have no doubt in the world that he will defeat Kilrain.

There is now every prospect of the great international prize-fight between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jim Smith, champion of England, being arranged. The following cable from Richard K. Fox received July 18, explains:

LONDON, Eng., July 18, 1887.

Wm. E. Harding, Sporting Editor *Police Gazette*, N. Y.:

Arrangements made for myself to meet Jim Smith and his backers this week to arrange the international prize-fight between Kilrain and Smith for "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, \$5,000, and championship of the world. Every prospect of match being satisfactorily arranged.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Regarding the match, the correspondent of the *Sporting Life*, London, writes as follows to the above journal: During the week there has been much fighting talk indulged in, but no real work has been done. The Kilrain-Sullivan controversy seems to have simmered down very much, and Kilrain and Mitchell are still on the road. Sullivan is resting and keeping very quiet. His stillness is like the tiger's, and bodes no good for those who have been taunting him with his lack of courage. Shedd, the manager, is non-committal as to what Sullivan intends doing. All he will say is that the big fellow is making preparations for his European trip, but many suspect that he is quietly getting himself into condition for his meeting with Kilrain, which will probably take place before the snow flies. It does not matter how much Sullivan may train in private, he will never catch the cunning Jake out of condition. The ex-actor takes wonderfully good care of himself, and can be wound up in a fortnight.

The above is very ingenious, but its veracity doubtful as far as the Kilrain and Smith international contest is concerned, for every effort is being made by Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, who is now in England, to ratify the great international match for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world.

Kilrain is eager to enter the arena against Smith, and from latest advices from England we are able to state that the great match will be arranged. If Mr. Fox can induce the English champion's backers to arrange the match on an even basis. It was this important factic engagement between the English and American champions which he sailed from this city on the Anania for arranging the affair. At the time Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, left for Ireland, his native country, he carried articles of agreement with him which were regular and fair, and no champion would for a moment hesitate in accepting the conditions embodied in the document, if match-making was the said champion's intention. Every sporting man in both hemispheres is eager and anxious to see the great international match arranged, and there is every reason to believe it will be, and it will not be Kilrain's or his backer's fault if it is not ratified. Should Kilrain and Smith battle in the arena for the championship of the world and victory perch on the English champion's colors Kilrain would then be matched to meet John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side, for it is an open question, and one that cannot be decided until there is a contest in the orthodox twenty-four-foot ring between Kilrain and Smith Kilrain and Sullivan, and the latter and Smith, who is the champion of the world. Every sensible man is aware that Sullivan of 1887 is not the Sullivan (taking a prize-fighting view) that he was five years ago, consequently, in a prize-ring encounter both Kilrain and Smith would stand a great chance of conquering Sullivan in a battle for the championship, which would have to be decided by London prize ring rules. Looking at the performances of the heavy-weight pillars of pugilism, Kilrain's record is the best, while physically he outclasses both Sullivan and Smith, for the champion has lived abstemiously and never abused his constitution, and a day has seldom passed that he has not had regular routine of training exercises. Reviewing Sullivan's battles minutely, what has the ex-champion ever done? He beat John Donaldson in a glove encounter at Cincinnati. Donaldson never ranked as a fifth-rate boxer. He conquered John Flood on a barge on the Hudson. Flood was a novice and he gave Sullivan a hard battle. The only battle, in our opinion, that should be any line to judge Sullivan's ability and standing as a champion was his fight with Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City. It was a regular prize ring encounter according to the prize ring rules, and Sullivan won. Why? Because Ryan was crippled and did not have the heart or confidence he should have had; because he went into the ring with defeat on his countenance; because he lacked all of the essential points and qualifications necessary for a champion. It is well known Sullivan conquered Ryan, but who did Ryan ever conquer to make Sullivan's star shine brightly? Old Joe Goos, who faced Ryan for 87 rounds, and then untrained and unfit to contend in a contest by which stamina and hard blows were to decide the question of supremacy. There have been dozens of men in their day who could have won the championship of America if Paddy Ryan was the only obstacle in the way or the only hurdle they had to jump over to reach their ambition. Therefore, while it must be acknowledged that Sullivan did win the championship outside the title and stakes, \$5,000, there was not much glory to be attached to the victory. Sullivan's other numerous battles with gloves were set time contests which amounted to nothing as far as the championship was concerned, neither did they prove Sullivan's pluck and endurance. Kilrain's battle with Joe Lannon at Boston was a harder-fought and better battle than the Sullivan and Ryan fight, and it stands off Sullivan's battle with Paddy Ryan, while the glove contests both Kilrain and Sullivan have figured in, looking at the men they met and their records and the conditions, while Sullivan has figured in the most Kilrain has never been beaten. Smith, on the other hand, has figured in several battles in England. His battle with Alf Greenfield was not a championship performance, and even if he had won it would not have been a great victory to boast about, for Greenfield would not rate as a fourth-class boxer in America after his performance here. Looking at the three shining lights as they now shine in the pugilistic arena, we think Kilrain is first, Sullivan next and Smith inferior to the both of them.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

R. W. Walden has sold to Chas. Boyle, of Woodstock, Ont., the chestnut filly Queen of Elizabeth, foaled 1884, by Sensation, dam Elizabeth, by Vauxhall.

Warren Lewis, of Coney Island, writes that if Tommy Ray, of the Ninth ward, is eager to match his unknown for a purse or for \$500 a side, he will match Jim Carroll against Ray's champion. Man and money ready at Warren Lewis' Sporting House, Coney Island.

Dennis Gallagher, the champion wrestler of the Buffalo, N. Y., police force, and Matsuda Sorakichi are matched to wrestle a mixed match for \$500 at the Adelphi theatre, Buffalo, on July 30. Richard K. Fox is the final stakeholder. The conditions are one fall catch-as-catch-can, two falls side hold, and one fall Japanese style. The style for the fifth bout will be decided by tossing for choice.

The Brooklyn Athletic Club Association is making rapid strides to eclipse all the athletic associations in New York State. In addition to E. W. Johnston, the famous Caledonian athlete, the association has secured the services of Grant Hamner, the famous Canadian sporting man and champion shot of the Dominion. Hamner is said to be the best deer-stalker in America, and is a man of considerable wealth, and will figure in future as the backer of E. W. Johnston.

The Manhattan Cricket Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., received their first defeat from clubs in this vicinity on July 16, when they succumbed to the Alma club of Newark, N. J., in a one innings game. For the losers Prendergast played well for 18, while for the Almas White, with 19, and Maxfield 25, did the best. The game was exciting at the close, as the last Manhattan wicket fell but half a minute before the call of time. Score: Alma, 74; Manhattan, 55. The fielding was good for both.

At Winnipeg, Manitoba, on July 16, the rowing regatta closed with some interesting races. In the senior four-oared race for the Donald A. Smith trophy the Lurline, St. Paul and Winnipeg crews competed. The race was between the Winnipeg and St. Paul fours, the Lurline never appearing to be really in it. The Winnipeg obtained a slight lead at the start, and despite all efforts of the St. Paul boys held it and won by two lengths. Watson, of the Lurline, captured the junior single sculls, and Turnbull and Fox, of the Winnipeg, won the senior double sculls.

William Graham, champion wing shot of England, having recently won the title of champion wing shot of the world from Dr. W. F. Carver in a memorable contest on John Rye's grounds, Newark, N. J., in May last, by killing 22 pigeons out of 100 to the doctor's 85—is now, we can announce, about to start West, and has expressed to us his intention of going to Chicago in order that he may no longer remain under the stigma of wanting the Western shooters to travel here to meet him. There are several noted shots who he says he wishes to contend against upon their own grounds, mentioning C. W. Budd, W. Tell Mitchell, S. R. Stice.

Just as the "Police Gazette" was going to press the battle between Jack Hopper, of Providence, R. I., and Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, was decided up the Hudson at a well-known resort of the fancy. The battle was for a purse of \$400 and "Police Gazette" rules governed. Only four rounds were fought, during which Dacey showed his supremacy, and out-fought Hopper. In the middle of the fourth round Dacey knocked Hopper out and was declared the winner. Only a limited number of persons were present and tickets were \$10 each. Hopper's defeat created quite a surprise for he won the last two battles he engaged in, conquering Johnny Mack, of Boston, and Mike Cushing, of Elizabeth, the champion of New Jersey. Dacey's victory will send his stock away up.

The "Sporting News," July 9, says: The race for the "Police Gazette" champion medal which comes off at Prof. Clark's Natorium on Nineteenth and Pine streets on Wednesday evening July 20 is exciting the most intense rivalry among local swimmers and gives promise of being a close and exciting affair. There are thirty entries for the event. The race will be 20 lengths of the basin which is equal to 920 yards or 50 yards over half a mile. The books of entry for the duck diving and tub races which come off on the same evening are now open at the Nat. No entrance fee will be charged and the prizes will consist of cups and medals. All the swimmers will wear full bathing costumes and ladies and gentlemen will be admitted to the gallery. L. D. Cabanne, is a strong favorite both in the "Police Gazette" and duck races, and his friends expect to see him carry off the honors in both events. The Central Turner Society is well represented in the "Police Gazette" race. The other competitors will have to do some tall swimming to keep the medal from falling into one or the other of their members hands. At the request of several society ladies, who are daily bathers, Professor Clark has decided to admit ladies and gentlemen between the hours of eight and ten in the morning on week days. Only gentlemen who are accompanied by ladies will be admitted. This arrangement will not interfere with the hours for ladies exclusively, which are from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M.

At Dublin, Ireland, on July 15, the Gentlemen of Ireland succeeded in defeating the Gentlemen of Canada in the latter's first match of their tour. A splendid wicket had been prepared, and the Canadian visitors were most hospitably entertained. The Irishmen went first to bat and succeeded in scoring 319. The first innings of the Canadians only yielded 88, and they therefore had to follow on, the result of their second essay being only 129, leaving the Irishmen victorious by an innings and 102 runs. Although rather disappointed at their decisive defeat, the Canadians are not despondent, and feel that as soon as they have been acclimated they will be able to give a better account of themselves. On the way over they all more or less suffered from *mal de mer*, and consequently have not yet quite regained their landlegs. Had they been able to have had only two or three days' practice they would have undoubtedly made a better showing. The Irishmen had heard big accounts of their prowess and had made arrangements accordingly, having gathered together all the best players that were to be had and practised continually. The weakness of the Canadians was in their batting, although their bowling was hardly what was expected. Gillespie and Ferrie bore the lion's share of the tumbling, and seemingly to their astonishment were hit freely. They, however, stuck well to their task, with the result that after the big stand of the middle batsman they cleared the others off in pretty good style. Gillespie was almost the only man who, when the Canadians came to bat, stood up with any degree of confidence, and he made 28 in the first innings and 54 in the second.

There is quite a lull in matters pugilistic, owing probably to the fact that one-half of the boxers who are ready and willing to enter the arena have no backers to furnish them the sinews of war. The only important battle now on the tapis is the Johnny Reagan and Tom Henry battle, which is to be decided next month, and the bill between Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe, which is to be decided in the fall. The Reagan and Henry fight will create quite a furore, and independent of the stakes there will be heavy betting on the result, owing to the fact that both are well known and have been tested in the pugilistic crucible and proved beyond question that they are well worthy of the confidence reposed in them by their backers. Reagan has the best record, and, to use a racing phrase, looks like the best horse to back, and yet one might be mistaken, for the readers of this paper will remember when Jimmy Murray, of Providence, was backed against Henry for \$1,000, and every one supposed that Murray would win in a gallop. Henry managed to knock him senseless by a tremendous right-hand cross-counter. It is an open question whether Henry can train into the same form as he displayed on that stormy morning, and whether he can execute the same cross-counter on Reagan as he did upon Murray. One thing is

certain, judging by the performances of Reagan, and especially his great battle with Files, he should, bar an accident or a foul, conquer Henry. He is younger, cooler and a more effective hitter than Henry, while he possesses capital judgment, and his stamina and courage cannot be questioned. One thing about the coming mill is that whoever journeys to see it will be well repaid, for no matter whether Reagan conquers Henry or the latter vanquishes Reagan, both men will contend to the bitter end of the struggle. Both men have a large number of admirers who will back them readily, especially the Reagan party, and if Henry can defeat the Seventh ward boxer, they can win double the amount of the stakes the men are to contend for.

Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jake Kilrain, has made a contract with well-known silk weavers of Spitalfields, to make Jake Kilrain's colors. The following is the banner under which the American champion will battle for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Kilrain's colors consist of a handsome white silk handkerchief bordered with red, white and blue. In the left-hand upper corner is a shield with the Irish harp and bust of Erin. The right-hand upper corner is occupied by the American escutcheon. The left-hand lower corner shows the coat-of-arms of Baltimore, the opposite lower corner, the armorial bearings of Boston, each in a circle. The centre is occupied by a representation of the terrestrial globe which is surrounded by a sun burst and reposes on drapery of the Irish and American flags. Instead of the equator the globe is encircled by ropes and stakes, and blazoned on the face of the world is the stalwart figure of Jake Kilrain, in ring costume, in an attitude of attack. Overhead the American eagle unfolds its wings and carries a scroll in its beak inscribed "The Champion of the World." The lower quarter of the globe is banded with an ornate legend which reads, "Jake Kilrain, Holder of the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt." All the ornamentation is worked in brilliant colors, making a composition which has never been equalled in the annals of the ring. Mr. Richard K. Fox selected the design out of several competing drawings, and has issued orders for a reproduction of it, regardless of cost or trouble, in the very best India silk. The tremendous interest manifested in the coming international battle between Kilrain and Smith is proved, if proof were necessary, by the immense demand already made for copies of the colors. Kilrain's colors are an elegant design, and if he proves the gladiator he is represented to be, they will not be trailed in the dust, or will Smith capture them when the battle is over.

A slashing mill was fought on July 14 between Tom, or "Tip," Doris, of Yonkers, and Pat Farley, of Brooklyn, with hard gloves, to a finish, on the spot where Jim Carney and Jimmy Mitchell fought several weeks ago for the light-weight championship. The police both pursued the party up the Sound, but did not overtake them, and the battle was fought without interference. The stakes were for \$500 a side and one hundred spectators added a purse of \$500, the winner to take all. Doris is twenty-three years of age, weighs 145 pounds and is 5 feet 6½ inches in height. He has a local reputation as a fighter, and the money of the Westchester men went on him at the ring side. Farley is a Williamsburg boy in his twenty-first year. As an amateur last winter he won the boxing championship of Long Island. He scaled at 138 pounds and stands 5 feet 5½ inches. Shortly after 1 o'clock the men shook hands and Doris landed lightly on his opponent's stomach. In return he received a left-hander on the cheek. In-fighting followed, and the round ended in a clinch. In the second round both men were at long range. Each seemed afraid of the other, but Doris did the more leading. Doris received a left-hander in the third round that sent the blood from his nose like spray. In the next three rounds Doris avoided Farley, and in the seventh took an upper cut from Farley's right that lifted him, and he staggered to the ropes. He recovered immediately, and shot a blow to Farley's head that sent him down on his hands and knees. In the ninth round they countered on the jaw, and when Farley took his corner Con. McAuliffe, his second, wiped the blood from his face, which was bleeding freely. He held back in the two following rounds, but in the twelfth he forced Doris to his corner, where he dealt him a heavy smash on the nose. Doris rallied and split Farley's lip with a swinging right hander. The latter in return landed on the Yonkers man's face, breaking his nose and severing the nasal artery. The blood welled through his nostrils and the gash on the bridge of his nose and continued to flow almost without interruption throughout the fight. In the thirteenth round Doris' bosom was crimsoned with his own blood and he lost favor in the betting. He injured his right hand on Farley's head in the fifteenth round. The latter was falling away, but knew he could outstay the man who was losing his blood in such quantities as Doris was. The latter fought gamely, hitting Farley at will in the twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third rounds, but Farley visited the broken organ as often as possible. In the twenty-fourth round Farley closed Doris' right eye after having the wind almost pumped out of him by Doris' body blows. Doris' seconds, Pat Cass and W. Wall, attended him miserably, but McAuliffe kept his man in the ring by his skillful treatment. Both men were winded and tired, and the remainder of the battle was uninteresting. The forty-second and forty-fourth rounds were weakly fought and the spectators called for a decision that the battle be drawn. Both seconds agreed. They fought 2 hours 56 minutes. The purse was equally divided and the stake money returned. Doris was carried away, leaving a trail of blood from his nose and a gash in the cheek.

Arrangements are being made for a great single scull race for the single scull championship of America and the "Police Gazette" Champion Challenge Cup, valued at \$1,000, offered by Richard K. Fox. All the prominent oarsmen have agreed to contend for the valuable trophy, and Chas. T. Brockway, well known in aquatic circles, in conjunction with William E. Harding, are arranging the details for the race. The "Police Gazette" Champion Challenge Cup is valued at \$1,000, stands thirty-six inches high, or with the pedestal forty-eight inches. The elaborate cover alone is over twenty-three inches high, and the diameter of the bowl eighteen inches increased to twenty-four if the handles are included. It rests upon four open-work feet of silver and gold, wrought out in a design somewhat Egyptian in character. The base of silver is bordered with a fluting of bright gold, giving a very deep, rich effect to this part. The burnished silver stem has applied upon each side laurel wreaths of dead gold, and in front, a circular medallion in which is a photograph of the donor, Mr. Fox. Upon the upper border of a somewhat shallow bowl, and surrounding its entire circumference, is a representation of a harbor view. This is in low relief and one of the artistic features of the piece. Here are seen numerous yachts and other sea craft, each with hull of gold and sails of silver standing out against a golden sky. Upon the shore are crowded the buildings of a large city represented in oxidized work, and forming a luxurious contrast with the silver and gold which predominates in other portions of the scene. The handles of stem and pedestal complete this section of the cup. The lower edge of the cover is bordered with a gold ornamentation resembling a style of work very popular during the 17th century and designated by the artists of that period as "egg and tongue" decoration. Above this rises a dome of burnished silver, ornamented upon each side with a design of silver satin work relieved with engravings in gold of foliage, etc. Between these designs and in front of the dome is an engraved representation of a spirited single scull race showing the finish, and in the background a vast number of spectators upon the grand stand. It is one of the finest and most realistic specimens of workmanship possible to the graver. On either side of the dome and occupying a small platform, are statues of oarsmen holding a boat hook in the right hand. The flesh of these figures is represented in bronze silver like the color which exposure in the sun gives to the human skin. The rowing costumes are of dark reddish color, the hose of deep gold, and the shoes oxidized black. Above the dome is another border of gold matching the one below. The top, which rises from this part, is vase-shaped and of burnished silver. On either side protrudes the head of a fox of dead gold, and a little above these upon the front and back are golden ears and American flags (showing the colors) crossed and held by laurel wreaths of gold. The whole is surmounted with a statuette of a fox in gold upon a burnished silver platform. The pedestal is of steel finish, relieved with bands of gold. No description or illustration, however, can portray the beautiful effect of the color work in the varied finish of dead and lustrous surface. The cup does credit both to the artist and the manufacturers, the Meriden Britannia Co., and all who have seen it pronounce it the most valuable prize ever offered.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

For some time past followers of the turf have been arguing over the speed and stamina of The Bard and Hanover, many claiming The Bard was the greatest horse in this country, while others claimed that Hanover could beat all the family of equines now in training.

So elated were the owners of The Bard over the form he displayed in winning several races this season that it was the intention of Mr. Cassatt, his owner, to send him to England. I was amused when I read the statement, for, while The Bard had time and again displayed splendid form, it was my opinion that he was not a world-beater, and I publicly announced in these columns that if it was Mr. Cassatt's intention to send The Bard to England, he should abandon the idea, for there were horses in this country, independent of Hanover, whom I considered the horse of the century, that could beat him.

Everyone who reads these columns and follows the turf are aware that my theory was correct.

Troubadour, the race horse I begged, coaxed and urged Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of this paper, to buy in December, 1885, prior to his winning the Suburban in 1886, beat The Bard at Monmouth Park, but the turf prophets and the know-alls claimed it was only a fluke, and that if they ever meet again The Bard would reverse his defeat. I would not accept their arguments, although, taking in the surroundings, they appear feasible.

On July 14 the ordeal came. The Bard was entered for the historical Monmouth Park cup; so was Troubadour. These were the only two horses entered; the owners of the other horses were all frightened out. The Bard was the favorite at 4 to 5, while even money was laid against Troubadour, and the Haggins, Dwyers and Barnes, of Louisville, who, by the way, is a good judge, backed Troubadour.

Large sums were wagered, varying from \$50 to \$5,000. Hayward rode the world-beater, and Garrison had the mount on Troubadour, and the interest and excitement was tremendous.

The race was a grand one, and Troubadour won in a gallop, to the surprise of those who had looked upon The Bard as invincible.

The Bard's defeat proved conclusively three things; first, that Troubadour is an all-around great race horse, and secondly, that I was correct in my estimation of Troubadour when I requested Richard K. Fox to buy him, and also the stand I took against The Bard being sent to England.

Troubadour is now acknowledged to be one of the greatest all-around race horses in America, and \$50,000 would not purchase him.

I called at Erastina the other day to see the Great Forepaugh Show and the much talked of sword combat between Duncan C. Ross and Sergt. Walsh.

I was both surprised and awed when I saw the horses approach each other at such a furious gallop and the sword clash, and the next moment see Sergt. Walsh fall to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt.

"What do you think of that," says the great Forepaugh, "is it not carrying out the combat as depicted on the bills?"

I had to confess it was and attended with more danger than did appear by the illustrations. There is scarcely a doubt but that the spectators at the great show will be some day treated to the scene of seeing a man's head roll off his body if these dangerous and thrilling sword combats are allowed to continue. Although the men are protected by armor, the neck and arms are exposed, and the number of cuts received in combat the swordsmen show, is proof that they may expect to get their last at any moment.

Adam Forepaugh states that he pays the swordsmen \$2,000, which a good many doubted, but after I saw the daring and magnificent display of horse and swordsmanship given by Ross and Walsh, I do not wonder at the great showman's statement, as his motto is to excel all others regardless of cost; every one who can read knows that Duncan C. Ross is the boss, and his most formidable rival is Sergt. Walsh.

By the way, Mr. Addie Forepaugh intends to train one of his largest elephants to the sword business, and challenge the world to combat with him mounted on his huge monster. Ross says he can have the championship for none of his horses will face the elephant; but if Mr. Forepaugh gives him an elephant the American people might be startled by seeing the grandest spectacle ever witnessed in the show business.

It would be a novel scene to see two elephants fully equipped in armor, charging at each other, and carrying armoured swordsmen combating against each other.

It is seldom that accidents on a race course happen so immediately under the eyes of the spectators as did the one at Brighton Beach on July 11.

The place where Jessie fell was immediately in front of the betting paddock. As Koeber was sent to shoot over her head there was a chorus of 600 plaintive, sympathetic "Oh's." Almost simultaneously Wanderment and Thomas went rolling over the fallen filly. For a moment the fallen horses and jockeys were hidden from sight by a cloud of dust.

Fifty men sprang over the barbed wire fence to the assistance of the injured. As the horses rose to their feet they were caught and secured. Jockey Chandler was the first up. He was dazed and bewildered, and, under the impression that the horses still racing were coming up the homestretch, he ran rapidly across the track to the outside rail. Finding that his fear was groundless he sat down for a moment. One of his legs was bruised a little, but with the exception of that hurt and the shock he was uninjured. His escape and that of Koeber, who was the first down, was well-nigh miraculous.

Poor Harris was a sickening sight. His tongue was almost wholly severed by his teeth and protruded from his mouth. His face appeared to be crushed in, though the physicians, Drs. Joyce and Cropper, who were examining him, were of the opinion that he had not been struck on the face by the feet of any of the horses. He had, however, been hurt in the groin by a hoof. Happily the poor fellow was unconscious.

A stretcher was provided and he was carried to a hotel near the track stables, where Dr. Joyce continued his ministrations.

Last Autumn Harris was thrown from his horse at Lakonia and was picked up for dead. It is said that he was put in a coffin and that he remained in it for some little while before signs of returning consciousness were observed. He was snatched from the very jaws of death, but his mind was gone, and he was sent to an insane asylum. There his skull was trepanned and his brain, relieved of an abnormal pressure of a portion of his skull, which had been fractured and had knitted in a false position, became clear again. It is to be hoped that charitable sporting men, and sporting men, as a rule, are noted for their charity, will respond to the *Sporting World's* appeal for aid for the jockey's family.

Maurice Vignaux said recently to a "Police Gazette" correspondent: "When Slosson was in Paris a few weeks ago he wanted me to play him in July, but I showed him that it would be quite impossible, as there is no one in Paris at that time, so we have arranged to have the match next October at the Grand Hotel. Perhaps Shaeffer will come too, but that does

not matter much, as Slosson draws better here than Shaeffer does. You see, Slosson has beaten me once in Paris, whereas Shaeffer never has. It is hard to say which is the better player of the two, but Shaeffer plays the more brilliant game. In general I think that the American billiardists pay more attention to the small points of the game, to what you call nursing, etc., while we try rather for great effects. We make more money in Paris than in New York. People here will pay twenty francs readily, but in New York they won't go over a dollar."

A few days ago, I received the following communication: Sir—Will you please solve the following. It is to me an enigma. Mr. Hanlan proposes again to row Mr. Gaudaur for the championship of America. He then goes to Australia to row Mr. Beach for the championship of the world. Now, in case he fails to win from Mr. Gaudaur and does win from Mr. Beach, how can he claim to be champion of the world and is yet not champion of America, having been defeated in his efforts to gain that title? I feel a little mixed on this subject and ask for information.

I think this problem is easily solved, Jake Gaudaur, having beaten Edward Hanlan, is champion of America. Should Hanlan beat Gaudaur when they again meet then Hanlan will be champion, and will go to Australia as the representative champion of America. But should Gaudaur again conquer Hanlan the latter will only journey to New South Wales as a third class oarsman, Beach having beaten Hanlan (twice) and Gaudaur, and the latter having also conquered Hanlan. Judging from the movements on the aquatic checker-board Hanlan will probably defeat Gaudaur in the coming race, not that he has the speed and ability to do so, but it looks feasible, for if Hanlan is beaten by Gaudaur his race with Beach will be like a side show. Should he conquer Beach, however, he will then leave Gaudaur champion of America.

By the way, I see the Brooklyn Athletic Association has secured the services of Grant Hamner, the famous Canadian sporting man. Hamner is a crack shot, and no mean athlete. He has a fine record for chasing the greased pig over six foot hurdles, also for running and jumping.

For the last four years there have been no professional world championship athletic meetings, although Boston, Philadelphia and other cities have had professional games.

A movement has been started by President Thomas Clarke, Jr., of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and it is being carried out by E. W. Johnson, the club's trainer, that will bring all the best professional athletes in this country and Canada, and probably from England, together on September 10 on the Brooklyn Athletic Ground, in a world's championship contest. Over \$2,000 has been subscribed for prizes already, and gold championship medals will be given in addition for every event.

M. J. Slatery, H. M. Johnson and H. Bethune, the champion sprinters; J. Purcell, the heavy-weight shot-putting champion; H. West, the present all-round champion; J. Maxwell, the champion stone putter; C. J. Sullivan and T. Burge, the hop, step and jump champions; Duncan Ross, G. Ross and J. Cattaneach have all signified their intention to compete. It will be the greatest event in athletic circles that has taken place in some years.

I understand that the great Ten Broeck was buried in a coffin in front of his stable door. His grave was strewn with flowers and the stables and front gate of Nantura were draped in mourning. The horse's grave is to be fenced in and a monument erected on his last resting place.

The secretary of the New York Athletic Club informs me that the club will hold its eleventh annual swimming competition for the amateur championship of America on the Harlem River on Tuesday August 23. There will be two races, one of 100 yards and one of one mile, for each of which three medals will be given.

The races will be started from the club's boat-house, at 150th street, on the Harlem—the 100 yards at two o'clock and the one mile at four o'clock P. M., New York Athletic Club rules to govern, and the entries must be made by Tuesday, August 16, to Mr. Otto Ruhl, secretary, No. 104 West Fifty-fifth street.

There was wonderful fast time made at the dog races at Bishop's Herring run, Maryland, recently. The distance run by the hounds was 200 measured yards, and if the scorching sun did not shrink the tape line in the measurement, the celebrated hound Clotheline, for the second time in his career, broke the record, as he covered the distance in 12 seconds.

The two hounds competing in the first race for stakes and \$200, were Mr. W. S. Shedman's Clotheline, and Mr. Jack Warner's Telegraph. Mr. Shedman is from Williamsport, Pa., and Mr. Warner from Buffalo, N. Y. Clotheline is a male and is somewhat larger and heavier than Telegraph, a female, the weight of the former being sixty-seven pounds. Clotheline is three years old, a beautiful fawn color, and is one of the celebrated jip Commasie, winner of the Waterloo cup for two consecutive years.

Clotheline has been running since one year old, and the aggregate stakes for which he has entered amount to over \$20,000. He ran a good second to Drake Carter at Buffalo, April 25, and broke the record at the same place April 14, 1886. Telegraph made her first appearance at Buffalo, May 14, and won the free-for-all race against eight hounds in five heats. She is a handsome jip, mouse colored, and runs with strength and endurance.

Both dogs are of the same breed, the English greyhound predominating, with a slight cross of the bull terrier and Scotch terrier, it being the opinion that a taint of the latter breeds infuses courage.

I think Dry Monopole is one of the best horses on the turf, and his many victories have proved it. He is owned by Sam Emery.

Last fall Joe Cotton and Sam Emery were in partnership, but they split, and Emery took the major part of the string, on what terms I do not profess to have any knowledge. Emery turned them over to Jeter Walden to train.

Jeter had not been running in the best of luck for some years himself, but with Emery's horses good luck seemed to come back to him, and he attended him ever since. After taking several purges at Clifton this spring, with what was considered the riffraff of the lot the stable went to Washington. On the first day he captured the National Handicap with Dry Monopole. At Baltimore, on the first day, Sator won a selling race, and Dry Monopole the Bancocas Handicap. On the first day at Prospect Park Dry Monopole covered himself with honor and enriched his owner's pocket by capturing the Brooklyn Handicap, in the best time on record.

Dry Monopole also recently won the Universal Handicap in a manner which stamps him as one of the best handicappers of the year. In the race in question Richmond was the favorite, but Dry Monopole, with McLaughlin up, had little difficulty at the finish in defeating him. Speaking of Dry Monopole, it looks as though Sam Emery was a trainer's "Mascot."

Recently, at Leicester, Eng., Richard Howell, the English bicycle champion, and Temple, of Philadelphia, were entered to contest three races—at a quarter of a mile, half mile and a mile. The quarter-mile race was won by Howell by half a yard. He also won the half-mile race by 5 yards. Temple declined to contest the mile race.

An English exchange says: "Jem Mace and Middleton Cox not long since were sworn enemies; now the pair are sworn friends, and have had recourse to the law to settle their differences; both are bookmakers, and both have in their time had experience of the 'shady side of life.' Gypsy Jem is, however, a genial quondam 'rogue,' and is much liked by the professional 'edgus,' but Middleton Cox belongs to the more order of mankind, and though possibly he means no harm, has about as objectionable a method of recording his bets and transacting his ring business as any knight of the pencil we are acquainted with. It was Middleton Cox who hired the great legal fight with Lord Alibury about Packington Hall, in which Middleton came off second best."

AN HISTORIC BATTLE.

The Great Fistic Encounter Between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, at Farnborough, England.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

All this was laid before the public in the *POLICE GAZETTE* in August, 1885, and the sporting world, with "all the rest of mankind," were once more all agog with excitement, which was increased greatly when the contents of a letter from Sayers' chief backer, John Gideon, subsequently received, were published, stating that the match would certainly be made.

This letter was received early in November, and preparations for the departure of the representative of the States to beard the British lion in his den were commenced.

He was the recipient of a farewell benefit at Hoym's theatre on the 29th of that month, when he set-to with Jack Fyburn. The house was packed to the verge of suffocation, and the spectators were intensely enthusiastic.

On the following day Fred Falkland, who had been delegated to act as Heenan's representative, sailed for England for the purpose of concluding arrangements, Jerry Bryant handing him \$400 for investment in Heenan stock before starting on his mission.

A meeting was held at Owen Swift's, London, Dec. 16, at which articles were drawn up and signed, all the money being made good on the part of Heenan, who was represented by Falkland, while half of Sayers' share was posted by John Gideon, the balance being subsequently put up in two deposits of equal amount.

After playing a game of hide-and-seek with the Buffalo detectives, who were after him for being engaged in the fight between Ed Price and Australian Kelly, at Point Moine, in Canada, Oct. 6, Heenan sailed for England in the steamship Asia, in company with Jim Cusick, the noted trainer and second.

The Asia, with the champion and companion on board, arrived at Liverpool January 16, where the voyagers were met by Falkland and Jack McDonald, the latter having been engaged to assist in Heenan's training, upon the advice of trustworthy gentlemen.

It having become noised about that the aspirant for the championship was to arrive by this vessel, an immense throng of people had gathered to receive and gaze upon him, the landing-stage and the streets adjoining resembling a fair for hours before the steamer reached her berth.

Heenan's friends on shore, however, had sent word to him to get off with the mail-bags as soon as the Asia entered the river, by doing which he escaped observation.

They remained in Liverpool but a short time, leaving at 5 P. M. for London, where they arrived the same night. As it was not Heenan's purpose to make a public exhibition of himself, he proceeded at once to a private lodging.

Though he remained in the metropolis until January 23, the only persons to whom he made himself known were the stakeholder and Nat Langham, he managing to avoid recognition, and to see a few of the sights, by being rigged out, the morning after his arrival, in regular London-swell style, while his mustache was shaved off, an eye-glass clapped upon his nose, and a dandy cane placed in his hands. He was thus enabled to promenade the thoroughfares without being identified.

Sayers was anxious to see him, but Heenan and his friends thought it advisable to defer a meeting until the day of battle arrived.

From London the American party proceeded to Salisbury, where they established themselves at an old mansion about eight miles southeast of the metropolis, and where they hoped to remain until within a couple of days of the fight, which had been set for April 17.

He commenced training in earnest February 13, and was progressing nicely, though much annoyed by curiosity-burdened natives, when he received notification from the authorities to pick up his traps and "move on," or stay and be arrested.

He, of course, did the former, and, after two days of anxious and active search, snug quarters were found at a village called Box, near Bath, in Somersetshire, where he again settled down to business. He was only permitted to remain here a few days, however, changing to Bedford.

This second interruption cost two more days of anxiety and uncertainty, though Heenan managed to preserve his temper, leaving Cusick, Macdonald and Falkland to think over and give emphatic expression to the various hard words in the vocabulary.

So much good nature under circumstances of so trying a nature speaks volumes in behalf of Heenan, proclaiming him worthy to uphold any cause.

By such vexatious annoyances as this, despite the apparent desire of the more honest portion of the sporting community to have fair play shown to each combatant, there was manifestly an undercurrent of society in London which aimed at the defeat of the American champion by some means or other not in accord with the principles of honest dealing.

That this continued and shameful system of espionage and persecution arose from such purpose was evident from the fact that Sayers was allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of the quarters he had selected at Newmarket. But the worst had yet to come. On April 2, a constable from the Isle of Ely appeared at Bedford, armed with a warrant for the arrest of Heenan, with a view to binding him over to keep the peace for one year.

Heenan had heard of this latest move a short time before, however, and, with Macdonald, took the first train out of town, with out any definite idea as to where they would stop. Warrants were issued for them in other counties, however, and they were finally hunted down at Trent Lock, April 6, and taken to Derby, where Heenan was kept in the custody of the magistrate until next morning, when he was released on £50 recognizance in his own name, and two sureties in £25 each.

The Ely officer made a show of attempting to serve the warrant on Sayers also, but the local magistrates at Newmarket refused to give validity thereto in their bailwick; so Tom went on in the even tenor of his way, in the enjoyment of perfect immunity from the troubles which had beset the American, who had traveled 3,000 miles to engage in what he thought would be an honorable combat for fistic supremacy, trusting in the honor of the English people to secure him fair play among strangers.

Heenan returned at once to London, remaining a day or two only, when he settled down in the country to finish training and await the coming of the eventful day, which, by the way, had been thrice altered—first from April 18 to the 19th of the same month, then to the 17th, and again to the 17th. These changes were necessitated by, or deemed advisable, on account of the authorities.

Alluding to the respective emblems chosen by himself and Sayers to fight under, Heenan once said:

"Tom Sayers has for his emblem the king bird of the forest (meaning the British lion), while mine is the king bird of the air. He must clip my wings, or I must cut his tail!"

Everybody respected Heenan who met him in England, he was so polite and gentlemanly to every one around.

Mr. Gideon, who was the backer of Tom Sayers, met Heenan and took quite a personal fancy to him, and many of Sayers' companions took quite a fancy to John C. Heenan. He met at different times Bob Brettell, Dan Thomas, Tom Paddock, and a host of English pugilists.

Morrissey went over to England to see the fight between Heenan and Sayers, openly stating that he wished to see Heenan whipped. Morrissey was accompanied on his European trip by Dad Cunningham and others. He put a card in the London sporting papers that if Heenan should be the victor over Sayers, then he would be willing to fight Heenan again, but not otherwise. Morrissey and Sayers became quite intimate, and did a good deal of public sparring together.

The following is the *Bell's Life*, London, report of the battle: The great battle was fought on April 17 at Farnborough, Eng. It was nearly 7 o'clock when the first train reached its destination. No time was lost in choosing the spot for the ring, which was quickly and well formed by the veteran Tom Oliver and his son in a meadow adjoining the railway, situate on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, and within half a mile of the Farnborough station, on the southwestern line.

By this time the second train had reached its destination, and the crowd could not have numbered fewer than 1,200 persons, both of high and low degree, though compared with former mills the present congregation must unhesitatingly be pronounced the most aristocratic ever assembled at the ring side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

M. J. Macon, Ga.—1. A wins. 2. Dinnie.
C. B. A., West Bay City, Mich.—It was on Feb. 7, 1882.
O. P. Robertsdale, Ill.—Billy Madden trained Sullivan.
J. S. Deadwood, D. T.—1. We have not the rules. 2. No.
F. S., New Orleans, La.—A wins by holding low and jack.
H. H. A., Camden, N. J.—Jem Mace was born April 8, 1851.
J. F. S., Sacramento, Cal.—John Brown was hung on December 2, 1859.

J. D., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—Tom Hyer was born in New York, Jan. 1, 1819.

F. E., Bradford, Pa.—We decide the bet a draw, as B had no chance to win.

D. G., Portsmouth.—The two players who tied won first and second money.

M. E., St. Louis, Mo.—Any athlete who competes for money is a professional.

R. A. C., Newark, N. J.—The first theatre was opened in Providence, R. I., in 1762.

SPORT, Portchester, N. Y.—Tim Collins and Billy Edwards fought on May 25, 1871.

M. B. S., Pawnee, Ill.—Jack Davis, the pugilist, did sail for England on the Oregon.

M. G., Portchester, N. Y.—Joe Goss and John L. Sullivan boxed with gloves on April 6, 1880.

J. R., Jackson, Mich.—Nat Langham and Tom Sayers fought for \$500 a side on Oct. 18, 1858.

M. J. B., San Antonio.—Send 30 cents to this office for the "Sporting Man's Companion."

A. B., Chicago, Ill.—1. Joe Coburn was born in 1835. 2. Dan Donnelly was an Irish pugilist.

A. S., Bridgeport.—James J. Watt, a Scottish inventor, was born in Greenock, Jan. 19, 1736.

M. M., Lindsay, Canada.—Chas. Freeman, the American giant, stood 6 feet 10½ inches in height.

M., Scranton, Pa.—Amy Howard's best record for six days is 400 miles, made at San Francisco.

G. M., Green Castle, Ind.—Geo. King, the English pedestrian, came to this country May 1, 1850.

C. E., Pottsville, Pa.—Chas. Mitchell and John L. Sullivan met in a boxing contest on May 14, 1883.

CONSTANT READER.—Enquiries unaccompanied with name and address command no attention.

S. P., Grand Junction, Pa.—The winner of the Chester cup in England, in 1824, was the Duke of Venice.

M. T., Washington, D. C.—Charley Lynch, the American pugilist, was presented with two belts in England.

L. C., Lockport, N. Y.—Hamilton used 25-pound dumbbells when he covered 14 feet 5½ inches in Rome, Mich.

S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Yes. 2. Jem Carny stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs in condition 190 pounds.

R. M., San Jose, Cal.—O'Donovan Rossa ran for State Senator against Wm. M. Tweed in 1871, and was badly defeated.

D. M. E., Columbus, Ohio.—1. It would be impossible to inform you. 2. No. 3. Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, fought thirty-three battles.

D. O., Schaghticoke, N. Y.—It would be a hard matter to decide who is the best player, and therefore we will not undertake to do so.

D. A., Indianapolis.—We have not the space to publish the information you desire. Send to this office for "The Sporting Man's Companion."

D. J., Boston.—King Fox was by King Ban, by Mand Hampton, is a two-year-old; he ran five races, was first four times, second once, and won \$17,448.

B. A., St. Paul, Minn.—Henry Ward Beecher was sent to England by the Government to create a public sentiment in Great Britain favorable to the North.

S. G. J., Youngstown.—1. It was on May 30, 1863, that Deaf Burke killed Simon Byrne, at No Man's Land, England, after a severe contest of 90 rounds, lasting 3 hours 6 minutes. 2. No. 3. Yes.

G. F., Cambridge, Mass.—1. Send on a forfeit if you wish your challenge published. 2. Yes, in a race for the English rowing championship Chambers beat Kelly, Sept. 29, 1860, in 25 minutes 25 seconds.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany, N. Y.—1. Steve O'Donnell, the pugilist, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height. 2. Jem Mace owns the champion belt of England which Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan fought for.

M. J., Selma.—Harry Broome, the English pugilist, died in London Nov. 2, 1865. He was thirty-nine years of age when he died. Broome's last battle was with Paddock, by whom he was defeated in 61 rounds in 1 hour 3 minutes. It was Johnny Broome, Harry Broome's brother, that cut his throat at the Wrokin tavern, Broad Court, London, Eng., May 31, 1855.

J. S., Selma, Ala.—1. In the glove contest between George M. Robinson and John L. Sullivan, at San Francisco, Cal., eight-ounce gloves were used. Thomas Chandler was referee, and Hiram E. Cook was timekeeper for Robinson, and William Maudon for Sullivan. 2. Robinson was knocked down eight times in the first round, going down at each blow from Sullivan without receiving any punishment. The second round was a repetition of the first, except that Robinson fell down fourteen times in rapid succession. In the third round the same manoeuvres were shown by Robinson, who, however, did not succeed so well in avoiding punishment, he getting several severe blows, none of which appeared to take the starch out of him. In the fourth round a claim of foul was made by Sullivan's timekeeper, he stating that Robinson fell without being struck by Sullivan. It was not noticed by the referee, but he finally declared Sullivan the winner by a foul.

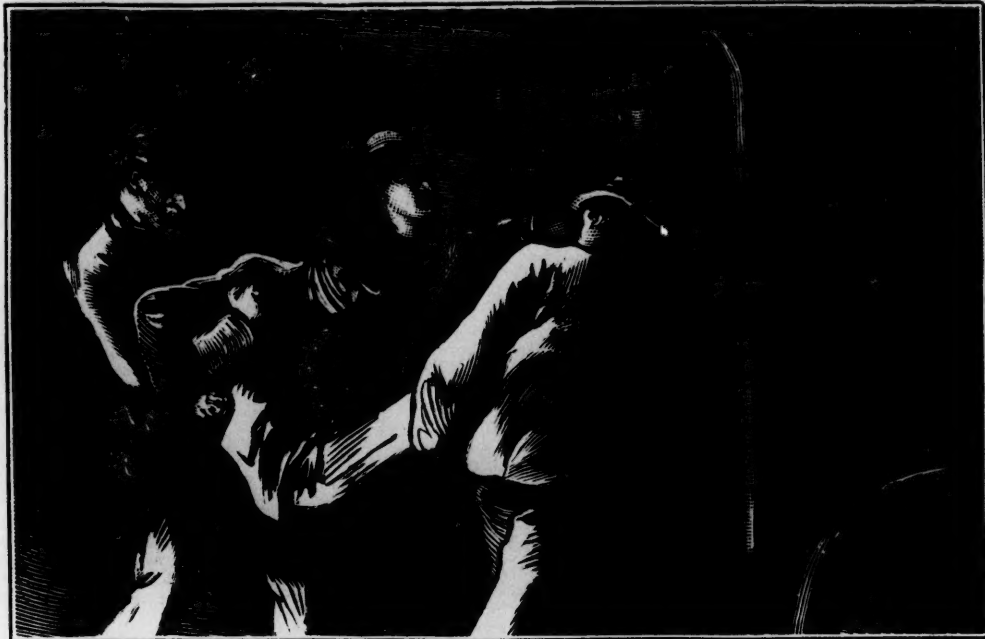
D. J., Altoona, Pa.—King Ban is a chestnut horse, with a star in his forehead, and stands 16 hands. He was bred by Lord Palmouth in 1875. He is of the most aristocratic lineage. Atlantis, his dam, started nine times as a two-year-old and won five, winning the Clearwell stakes, beating Sunlight, and the Prendergast stakes in which he defeated Hawthornden, who subsequently won the St. Leger. Hurricane, his grand-dam, won the One Thousand Guineas in 1862. In the autumn of 1878 Mr. Charles Littlefield, who was then in England training for the late M. H. Sanford, purchased King Ban for Major Thomas, and brought him to America. He was first taken to the old Frankness Farm, near Paterson, N. J. King Ban made his first season in 1879, at Major Thomas' Dixiana Stud, near Lexington, Ky. Among the first of his get to appear were the famous Punster in 1882; also Rosary, Queen Ban, Violator, Ada Ban and Princess Ban. His sons and daughters are immensely fast, and, as two-year-olds, they have no superiors, and rank with the Alarms, Eclipses and Leamingtons.

J. S., Baltimore.—The following is the record of Harry Gilmore: He was born in Toronto March 9, 1856. He stands five feet 6½ inches high, and in condition weighs 125 pounds. He beat Harry Giddings in 3 rounds in 1877; beat Jones Hackey, 4 rounds, same year; sparred Spring Dick and Jack King in one night, and had all the best of it, in 1879; beat Dan Allen in fifteen seconds in 1879; beat McCaffrey in 3 rounds; beat Jack Keenan and Jim Morley each three times in 1883, at Chambers'; stopped Walter De Baum in 4 rounds in 1883; he again met McCaffrey in Philadelphia and held his own; beat Billy Dacey in 1 round; beat Jim Hurst in 1884; beat Sam Bittle in 1884; beat Paul Patillo; beat Jack King, 1884; again beat Paul Patillo; fought a draw with Sam Bittle in 1885; beat Mike Welch; fought a draw with Billy Hawkins; beat Sam Bittle in 4 rounds; fought Geo. Fulljames, when the police interfered; beat Dempsey, of Oregon; fought a draw with James Hurst; he again met Paul Patillo and won in the ninth round; has only been defeated twice, by Jack McAuliffe and Billy Hawkins.



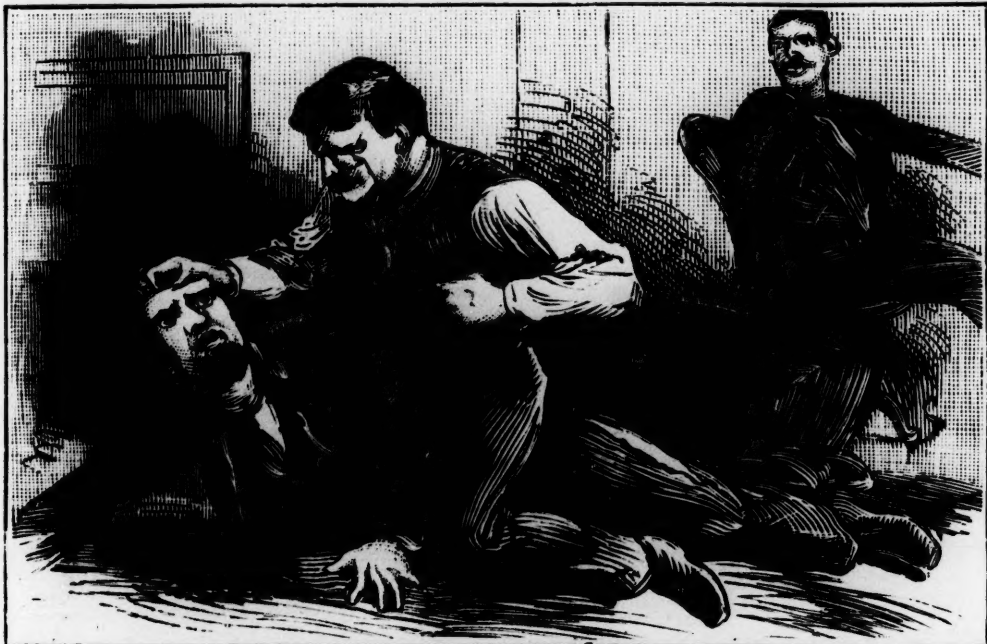
BEATEN BY A BURGLAR.

TWO YOUNG LADIES OF GAINESVILLE, TEXAS, ARE FATALLY INJURED BY A COWARDLY UNKNOWN SCOUNDREL.



KIDNAPPING A COPPER.

SIX STOUT MEN AT CONEY ISLAND SEIZE A POLICEMAN AND TREAT HIM TO A RIDE AROUND THE ISLAND.



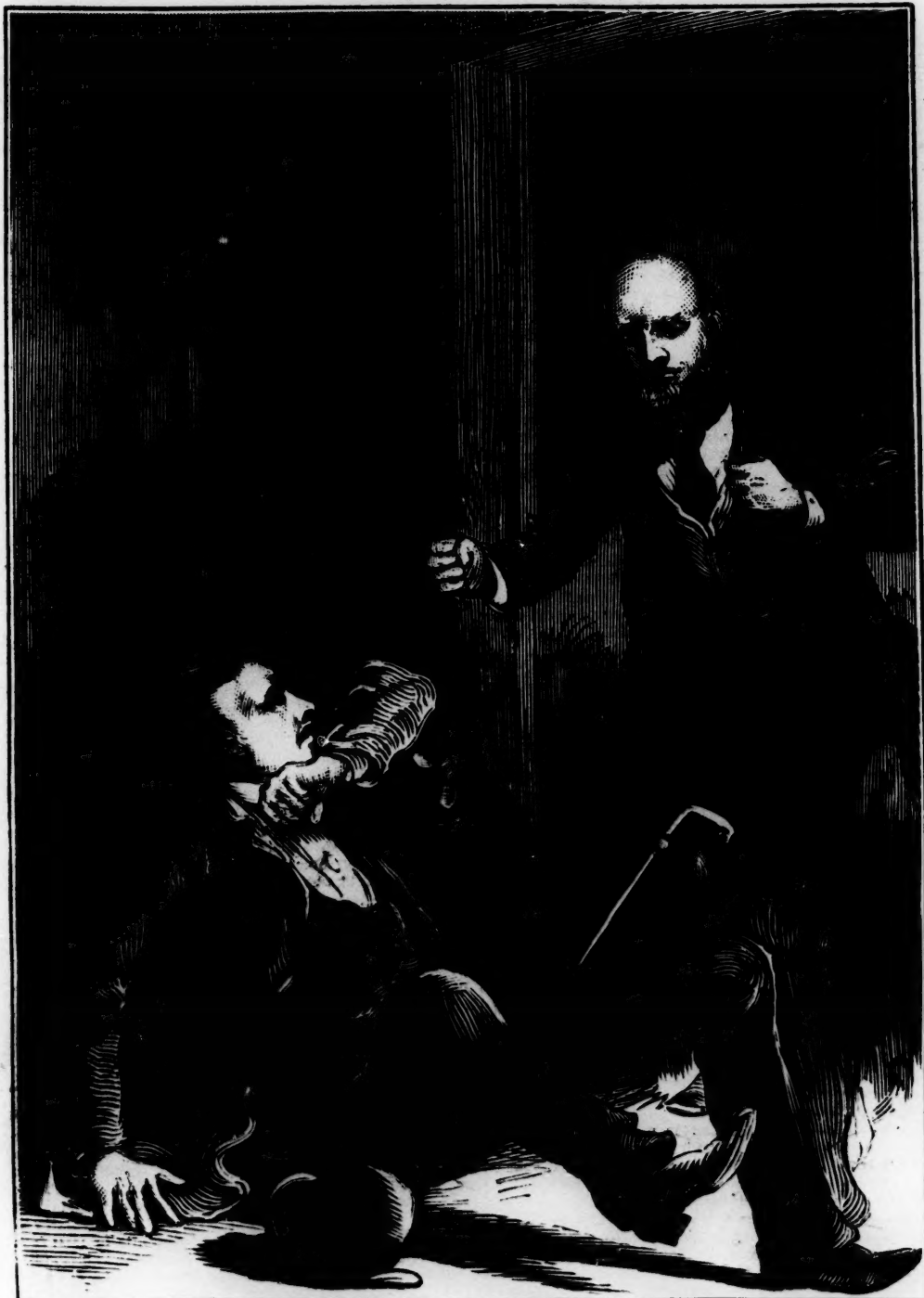
WILEY WELLS AGAIN.

THE MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, IS RIDDEN FOR A SHORT RACE BY A CITY EDITOR.



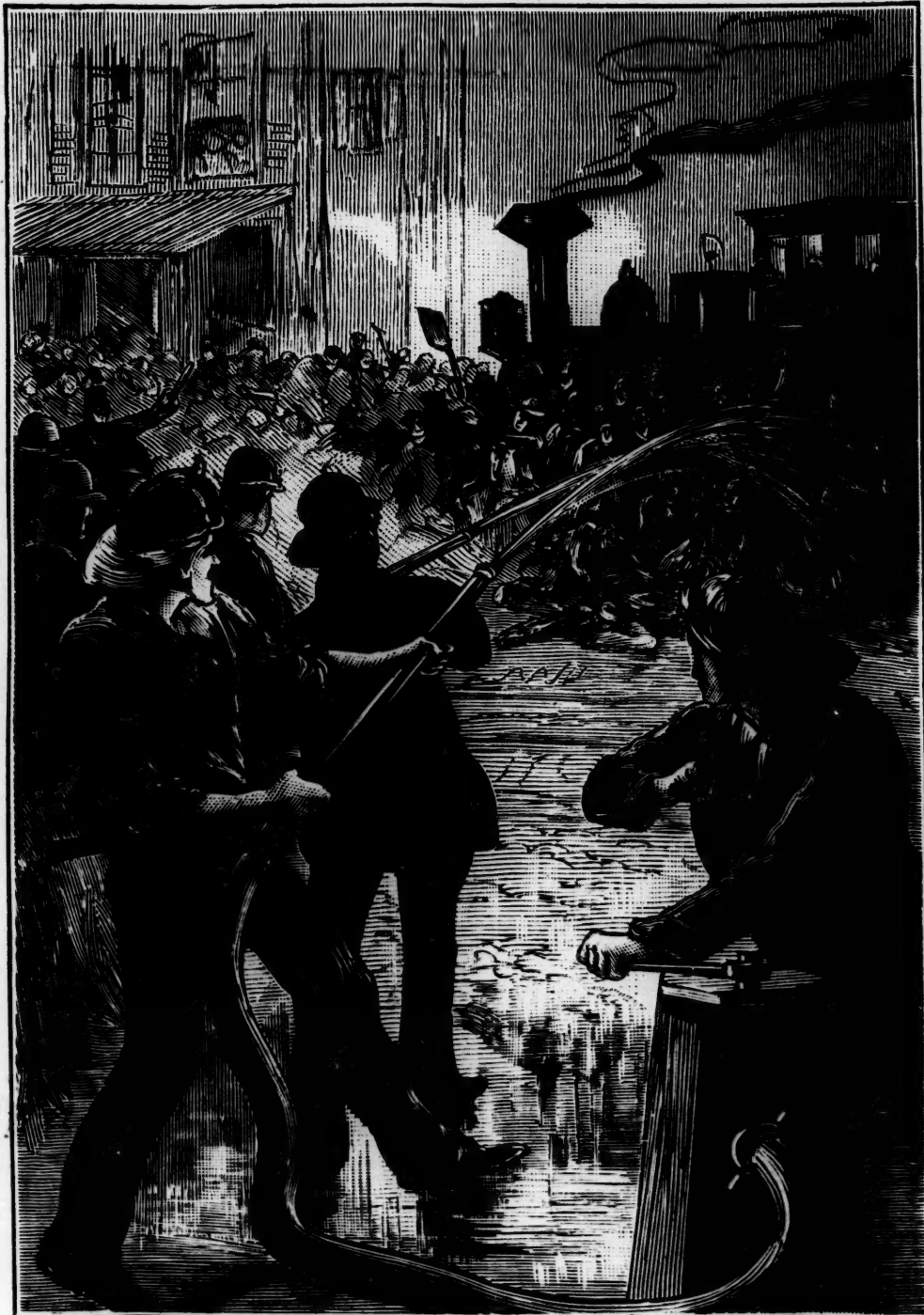
KNIFED BY A CRANK.

JOSEPH C. KENNEDY IS CRUELLY MURDERED BY JOHN DAILY, A CRAZY LOAFER, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



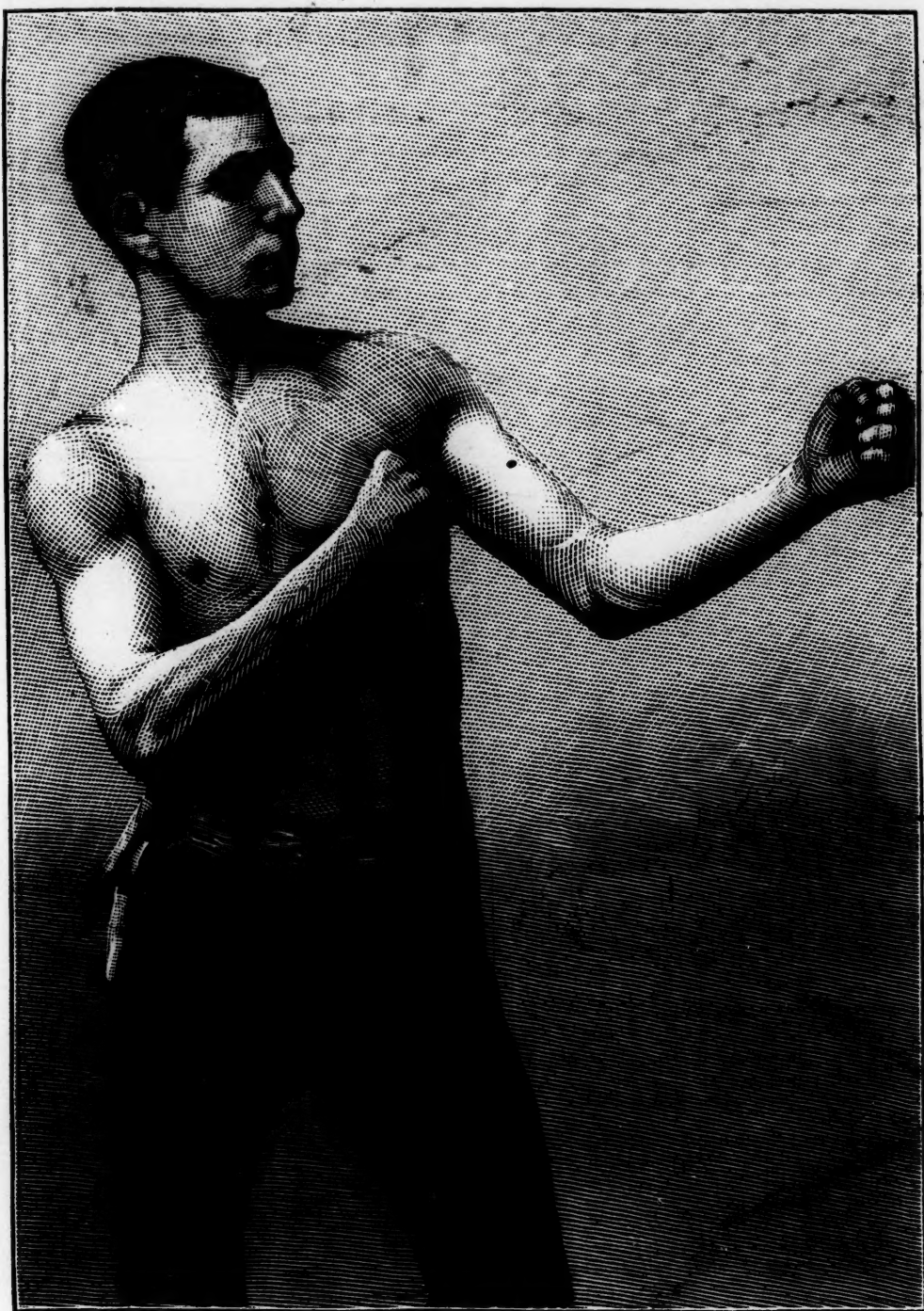
HE BOUNCED THE REPORTER.

AUSTIN CORBIN, THE WELL-KNOWN RAILROAD PRESIDENT, TEACHES A FRESH DUTCH JOURNALIST HOW TO WALK SPANISH.



WORKING UNDER WATER.

CITY FORCES AND RAILROAD MEN ENGAGE IN A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE OVER TRACK LAYING AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.



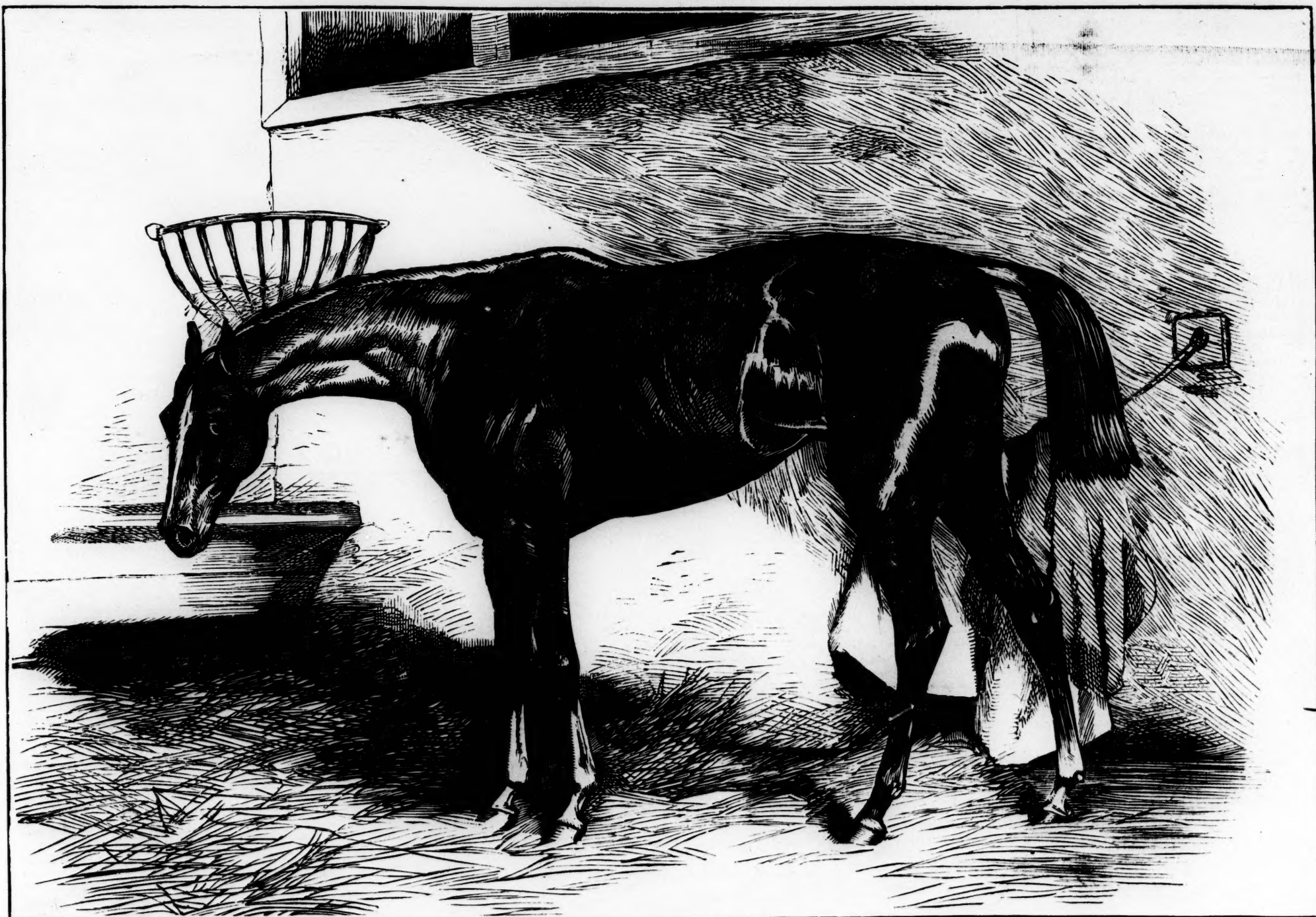
IKE WEIR,

THE FAMOUS FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST KNOWN AS "THE BELFAST SPIDER."



JOHN W. CONDON,

A WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN AND SPORTING MAN OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA.



HANOVER,

THE WONDERFUL AND UNBEATEN COLT OWNED BY THE DWYER BROTHERS WHO HAS BEEN THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.

[Drawn Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by the BARON DE GRIMM.]

BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green
Diamond of America's
National Game.



W. H. Terry.

Terry, who is now regarded as one of the mainstays of the Brooklyn club, is a pitcher that will yet prove one of the most effective in the country. He was born at New Britain, Conn., and is now only in his twenty-second year. His first experience as a pitcher was in 1879, when he pitched for the Racket club, of Ludlow, Mass. During the seasons of 1880 and 1881 he pitched for the Rosedale, of Bridgeport. He made Brooklyn his home and played with various amateur clubs at Prospect Park, until he attracted the attention of President Byrne, of the Brooklyn club, who immediately engaged him, and he has remained with the Brooklyn over since.

Cuff is getting cuffed about in grand style this season.

Spalding caught a good one when he got Van Haltern.

Too much management is just about as bad as too little.

The New Yorks are about good for third or fourth place.

In Boston it is all League, and no other club can live—even on bones.

It is in the air, even the Indianapolis club has it and are winning games.

Sprague struck the wrong town for funny work when he batted in again.

The Gotham enthusiasts are getting fewer and farther apart, day by day.

This is a great season of the year for the mushroom clubs to pass in their checks.

Don't count too much on the Benedicts, as they are the worst kind when on a trip.

There has been more umpires bounced this season than you can shake a stick at.

There is not very much get up and get there about the New York club at present.

This "Charley Horse" is playing the very mischief with the ball players this season.

George Schaefer is beginning to feel it in his bones. He is not as young as he used to be.

Ah! So George McGinnis had to take his turn at the Hot Springs. He must have hit it bad.

Theatrical games of baseball in theatrical wardrobe are becoming rather monotonous.

It is a hard matter to umpire a game satisfactorily, whence the constant change of umpires.

Suck is not meeting with much success in his umpiring, owing to his miserable judgment.

This thing of Comiskey being worth \$10,000 and driving his trotter is getting to be a chestnut.

If Valentine is ever in need all he has to do is to call on the New Yorks, as they are his staunch friends.

Latham has gone too far with his monkey business, and has even disgusted all of his previous admirers.

Louis Bay was about due and he did not disappoint anybody, but got royally hit and was suspended as usual.

It has become quite fashionable in Cincinnati to throw beer glasses at the umpire if his decisions do not suit.

Sam Wise may not be up to the mark in his fielding, but what he lacks in that respect he makes up with the stick.

Gleason was far from being a success, and Harry Wright severed the string that tied him to the Philadelphia Club.

Orr takes belly-whoppers every day, but he seems unable to shove down his jaw window even a little bit. It must be a keg.

Talk about casting pearls before swine, it is no worse than presenting a brute like "Curt" Welch with a basket of flowers.

Kreig is acting the hog to such an extent that the chances are he will get left altogether, and if he does it will serve him right.

Kelly is Boston's great drawing card; but make no mistake about John Morrill, as he is doing the work of a half dozen Kellys.

Rochester seems to have it in for old reliable Dick Pearce. What is the matter, won't Dick give every close decision to them?

The American Association people take the cake for filling charges against each other, and, before they get ripe, withdrawing them.

The Philadelphia Club management are putting the screws on Cusick. It does not do for a man to let his head grow larger than his body.

At last they have succeeded in shutting off Sunday ball playing in St. Louis, a city in which they have never, heretofore, observed Sunday laws.

Coaching has been carried to such an obnoxious pass, that there will have to be considerable legislation done against them during next winter.

Some of the ball players get the swelled head very badly when they are asked for their terms and they feel that they cannot ask too much for their services.

McCormick is leaving the old stuff alone, but he is handling the ball in such fine shape that all of the opposing clubs would rather see him drinking again.

The average usefulness of a ball player on the diamond field is about ten years. Some may last twenty years, while others are lucky to hold out that many weeks.

The Detroit naturally are mourning over Dunlap's injury, while the other seven League clubs are praying that he will be laid up during the remainder of the season.

Bancroft is manager of the Athletics, of Philadelphia, simply in name, as Mason, Simmons and Sharps hire and dismiss players without his knowledge or consent.

Morris of the Pittsburghs is too valuable a man to be kept outside of a glass case, as he gets \$2,000 for his work, and has really pitched but two good games this season.

When Boyle, of the Indianapolis club, gets a crank on him it is as good as a circus. He wants every ball he pitches called a strike and chatters away at the umpire like a parrot.

It was remarked the other day that Denny had signed the pledge. "Yes," said a prominent sporting man, "he has a sick stomach, but will be all right again in a few days."

Dalrymple's injured hand may keep him idle for some time to come, but it may as well be for the remainder of the season for all his services are worth to the Pittsburgh club.

Warm weather makes Burch tired, and while he is not exactly lazy, he puts no vim whatever in his work, and on a hot day he plays more like an amateur than a full-fledged professional.

Some people seem to be born idiots. The idea of presenting Boyle with a floral ship. There is about as much judgment shown as there would be in presenting a pig with a diamond pin.

Some of the pitchers are beefing around like old women about the new rules being a terrible strain upon them. The real trouble is that they are getting old and have outlived their usefulness.

Malone only managed the Hastings club one day, and then quit on account of a clique. If a little thing like that upsets him, he would be a bad man to attempt to manage the New York club.

It is hard enough to lose money, but it is very much worse to throw it away, but that is what the Cleveland did when they paid \$1,000 for Kirby, who would have been dear at that many cents.

The trouble with Gaffney is that there is only one perfect umpire in the United States, and he is now managing the Washington club, therefore the fraternity are deprived of his excellent services.

Murtie Hackett took a little vacation in such a hurry that he forgot to ask Manager Fogel's consent, but the thoughtful Fogel did not forget to fine his lordship \$100, and suspend him without pay.

From third to seventh. How the mighty have fallen. It is better to be a king of a small realm than a private in a large kingdom. Oh! Pittsburgh, what could have swelled your head to go into the League.

McMullen discovered that the Eastern climate did not agree with him, and has returned to the glorious climate of California. The Eastern professionals hit the ball a trifle too hard to suit his convenience.

Pritchard says Wilcox is a better man than him, and that Taylor is far superior to either when it comes to candidate for the presidency. What a swell crowd they must have in the American Association.

New York is like Boston—all League. Put a first-class club of any other association in either one of these cities, and they won't draw a corporal's guard, while a bum League club will carry the place by storm.

Stearns has weakened most wonderfully under Tony Mullane's bluff, and gives his royal highness \$10 for every game he pitches out of his turn. Tony is not exactly a hog, as he is not kept in a sty, but the distinction is very slight.

The trouble is that all the clubs in the Association have tumbled to the bluffing tactics of the St. Louis players and are giving as good as they get. It is making the great champions very tired to be doled on their own medicine.

The slovenly and indifferent playing of Hardie just cost him \$50 and a suspension without pay for an indefinite period. It doesn't do to come the school-boy action in the baseball arena, as the day for such childishness has long since gone by.

About the nearest they have come to killing an umpire this season was at Randolph, Mass., where a batted ball caught umpire Kiley between the eyes, inflicting a deep gash clear to the bone, and putting him to sleep for the rest of the day.

The Rochester club has fined Parson \$50 for playing poker at all hours of the night. We could name a first-class League club, that none of the players would have any salaries were they fined \$50 every time they were caught playing poker at night.

The Pittsburghs must have felt sick at their stomachs when the Washingtons went ahead of them in the pennant race. How they must have wished they had remained in the American Association, where they would have been of some account, as the company would not have been too last for them.

Secretary Quinn, of the Northwestern League, and A. G. Spalding, of Chicago, are having a lively scrapping match over the latter's balls. Quinn claims that they are soft, spongy and without vitality, while Spalding indignantly denies the charge and claims that the balls Quinn got hold of were intended for amateur use.

Denny now owns the whole city of Indianapolis, and he is thinking seriously of purchasing the entire State of Indiana, providing it is not given to him for making home runs. As country property is not so valuable as city property, he now gets a hundred acres of ground thrown in with his house and lot for each home run he makes.

The very able jackass who edits the baseball for the Detroit Free Press publishes the following paragraph: "Umpire Valentine does not use a mask, and the result is a foul tip broke his left arm in a game at Washington." How a mask over his snout would have protected his left arm any more than his left leg is a problem we will have to ask our Detroit genius to solve.

President Byrne, of the Brooklyn Club, came near saying a swear word when Burch struck out in Louisville with three men on bases. It was a trying occasion, but then it would have been excusable even in a minister to have said "gosh!" under the circumstances. Mr. Byrne spit a few times, got red behind his ears, grit his teeth, and blurted out something that sounded like "psaw."

Johnny Ward, in his answer to the press in reference to his resigning the captaincy of the New York club, says: "I had become thoroughly convinced that the New York club would never win under the existing order of affairs." The last two or three years here look as though there was a nigger in the wood pile, and that there was considerable going on in that club which would bear rigid examination.

Carroll of the Pittsburghs did some dirty work while in this town by deliberately knocking George down at the home plate. The following day he was again caught between third and home, and he was prepared to try the same trick over again. Big Roger Connor called him down by covering the home plate. Carroll took a grand drop, and stopped like a little gentleman, much to the amusement of the spectators. A great deal depends upon whom you are running against.

The Philadelphia club, with their grand style, have knocked the Athletics silly, and Lew Simmons is now slobbering around like a mad dog, sweating that he is dead in earnest and is going to have new grounds next season that will set the Phillies' palatial place in the shade. If he does he will have to do some pretty lively hustling and go down into his pocket as though he was diving off the Brooklyn Bridge. But then you know talk is cheap, and Lew may only be trying to cover up his chagrin at being the Phillies' rossete.

So Serad has an idea that ball-playing in the American Association is far superior to that in the League. The Pittsburghs, one of the leading Association clubs, thought the same thing until they got into the League, when they found they were mere pignoles. Serad says he has played in both associations; but his day was over in the League before he began to play with the Association, and the taffy he is now giving to the latter organization, about the "hustle and get-there style," is only to keep them from shoving him into one of the minor leagues.

JUNE.

A HUSBAND EASILY PLEASED.

Our Lima, Ohio, correspondent writes July 16: Last night Wm. Jeffers, of Postoma, Ohio, arrived in the city in search of his wife, whom he found in a house of ill-fame kept by a woman by the name of Snyder. When he visited the house in search of her he discovered her with a man, whom he attempted to shoot. They arranged affairs amicably and returned home this evening.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Coughs, colds, whistles, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

TAKE A TRIAL TRIP

In the Most Profitable and Consequently the Cheapest Advertising Medium in America.

READ WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY.

MAHLER BROTHERS, Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear, 355 Sixth Ave., New York. We have found, as many others no doubt have, that the POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising agent in the United States, if not in the world.

MAHLER BROTHERS, St. Louis, Mo. N. B.—Our 10-line "ad" is giving splendid returns—is far ahead of any other ten papers combined.

SAN MATRO MEDICAL CO., N. B.—Our 10-line "ad" is giving splendid returns—is far ahead of any other ten papers combined. NINETY-FOUR REPLIES IN SIX DAYS.

Montclair, N. J., Dealer in Novelties, etc. I have received ninety-four cash orders from the two-line "ad" which you inserted for me in your last issue. The POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising paper I have ever used.

Can't possibly do without the POLICE GAZETTE. Over two years' constant use has convinced us that it is the very best medium in existence. Will send you new copy in June. UNION SUPPLY AGENCY, Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE OF KANSAS DETECTIVE BUREAU, WICHITA, KAN. Your advertising medium is the best I have tried. Run inclosed two weeks. Find herewith draft on N. Y. to pay for same. L. D. STINSON, President.

WOODBURY, N. J. Your esteemed favor covering order for books from Belfast, Ireland, to hand. This is only another evidence of your widespread circulation. We have had orders from Shanghai and Australia, also accredited to the GAZETTE.

UNION SUB AGENCY, Box 201, Woodbury, N. J. Received your kind letter to-day, saying as mistake was made you would give me the benefit of another insertion of advertisement in No. 444.

Your kindness is appreciated, though if I had known that I should have received answers as I have already done, I should never have bothered you about putting it in again. I have some little acquaintance, and shall boom your paper as the best advertising medium that I have ever tried.

H. BERNARD, P. O. Box 604. Our late ad. in the GAZETTE has brought us in over 250 answers to date, and all the Western States and foreign countries yet to hear from, and we consider your paper a very profitable medium for advertisers.

Wishing you continued prosperity we are NOVELTY CARD CO., Springfield, Ohio.

REEDSVILLE, Millfin Co., Pa. Very good returns indeed. AGENTS' SUPPLY CO. PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR SIR—As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE appears to increase in value every issue, and it is the only paper I have ever used that ALWAYS pays. My "ad" in it now brings me from 40 to 50 orders every day, which is fully 50 per cent. more than any other three papers I am using.

GEO. T. WILSON. OFFICE OF W. H. REED, Wholesale Dealer in Canteenware, Agents' Street, Men's and Novelty Dealers' Supplies.

During the last two weeks I have got the following foreign letters: One from Canton, China; one from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands (an order); one from Paris (an order); two from Havana; one from Kingston, Jamaica; one from Belfast; one from Glasgow; one from Liverpool, and one (an order) from Middleborough, Eng. It seems funny that we should catch these letters all so close together, and they are the first foreign mail we ever received. Guess the GAZETTE is the proper paper.

W. H. REED. We do not remember to have placed an advertisement that has brought us as many returns as the one in your paper has.

R. W. TANSILL. OFFICE OF W. F. MAIN, ROCK FALLS, Ia.

DEAR SIR—I have tried several hundred papers and have not as yet found one that would pay within 100 per cent. as well as the POLICE GAZETTE. There is an illustrated paper in your city charging same rate as POLICE GAZETTE, viz.—\$1.00 per line. I tried the same one time and received but six replies.

W. F. MAIN. My former advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE has paid better than any paper I ever used before. I herein inclose money and copy of second advertisement.

DEALER IN AGENTS' fast-selling Books. ELLSWORTH PUBLISHING CO., ELMHURST, N. Y.

We must say that the money invested in advertising in the GAZETTE was well spent, and has brought us in more orders than any other paper we have ever invested in. We find our patrons are not confined solely to this country, as we are constantly receiving orders from the foreign countries. It brings answers almost immediately, and from all parts of the country, and we cheerfully add our names in endorsing it as an excellent advertising medium—in fact, it has no equal.

ELLSWORTH PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE OF JOHN C. SCHENK, Publisher "Barbers' Receipt Book," 480 William Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Regarding me being satisfied in comparison with other, etc., as to price paid—\$40—for a three months' run, but as a medium for obtaining results, will say that the GAZETTE lays the illustrated papers in the shade.

JOHN C. SCHENK. NOT SO FAST. OSWEGO, N. Y.

FRANK QUINN PUBLISHING CO.: You may continue Clipper. * * * We would add that we have had more returns from our card in the Clipper than from our eight-line card in the which costs us \$1 per line. We don't understand this.

EASTERN CARD CO. Inclosed you will find a cutting from the editorial of New York Clipper, March 28, which may or may not have attracted your attention and needs a word or two of explanation. The Clipper had no authority from us to publish a confidential business letter over our firm signature and we consider it at least bad taste.

The truth of the matter is this: When we wrote the Clipper our card had been in that paper and in the GAZETTE one week, and, singularly enough, we had received seven answers from Clipper card and but three from GAZETTE card, which, true enough, we did not understand. But, since the time of writing, we received, said to us, no more answers to our Clipper card, and thirty-seven (37) answers (twenty-eight cash) from the GAZETTE card, from about every State and Territory, and one from Honolulu. Further, let us say, we received no letters of acknowledgment of the receipt of our cash remittances either from the — or

A comparison of business methods of your paper with that of some others is, perhaps, unnecessary, but it surely must be appreciated by those who use your columns to advertise in. IMPORTING CO., Oswego, N. Y.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and After Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Assassins' Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenge! Sequel to Assassins' Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mabelle Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks, Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity an Excuse for Murder. Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights. Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles. "Tug Wilson, champion pugilist of England. Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman. Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations. Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are of no use as remittances; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission is reduced to 25 per cent. upon all orders received on and after this date.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher Police Gazette, New York.

April 1, 1887.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, per line, \$1.00 per line. Reading notices, per line, 25c. Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 24 inches wide. ALL AGENTS MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts. No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display. During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer, 28 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlan, John Teemer, Jem Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Cabinet Photographs of beautiful women. Finest in the world. Send \$1 bill for 6 assorted styles. Sample, 25c. MORRISON & Co., 108 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

36 PHOTOS, Cabinet, Beautiful Ladies, 16 Photos in Oil Colors, Beauties, 50 cents. STAR NOVELTY CO., Box 174, Brooklyn, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Set of Six Pretty French Girls, 15c.; 12 25c. Lock Box 245, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

30 photos (card) 10c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

3 Superb Photos, 25c. C. S. Lee, Box 602, Baltimore, Md. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

SAMPLE 2c., BOX 435, FOXBORO, MASS.

CARDS.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/4 drachm.
Jerubeban, 1/4 drachm.
Helonias dioica, 1/4 drachm.
Gelsemin, 1 grain.
Ext. ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s. Mix.
Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In case of necessity, the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.
Address or call on

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.
Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

EARLY DECAY.

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SENSE, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC. ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery. A LINGERING DEATH, the reward of their ignorance and folly, causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide. Large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS and the RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH. WILL YOU BE ONE OF THOSE NUMBERED with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept A CURE and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a REMEDY that is Perfect, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

Dr. JAS. WILSON, Box 158, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

WEAK MEN!

Whose VITALITY is falling, Brain DRAINED and EXHAUSTED or Power PREMATURELY WASTED. Early decay and reliable cure in the FRENCH HOSPITAL REMEDIES. Originated by Prof. JEAN OIVALE, of Paris, France, Adopted by all French Physicians and being rapidly and successfully introduced here. All weakness, loss of vitality, and all diseases of the system, are promptly checked. TREATISE giving newspaper and medical endorsements, etc., FREE. Consultation (once or by mail) with six eminent doctors FREE. CIGARE AGENTS, No. 174 Fulton Street, New York. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

MEN ONLY
Depleted through Indiscretions or Excesses, WE GUARANTEE TO CURE or Refund Money by this New Improved ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY. This specific purpose, it gives a permanent cure. Current of Electricity through ALL Weak Parts, them to Health and Vigorous Strength. Electric Belt free of charge to all patients. Greatest Improvements over all other Belts. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed Pamphlet 2c. stamp. Address THE SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 822 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

SEXUAL POWER

Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days, effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, mine or pills or poisons, but the delicious MEXICAN CONFECTION, composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book free of charge to all patients. Address SAN MATTEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of Youthful Imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address, C. J. MASON, Post Office Box 5179, New York City. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

ELECTRIC BELT FREE. To introduce it we will give, free of charge, a few of our German Electro Galvanic Suspensory Belts, Price \$5; a positive, unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Emissions, Impotency, etc. ELECTRIC AGENCY, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N.Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

WEAK WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE. Lost Vigor and Manhood Restored. Perfect restoration assured by the Marston Bolus. Sealed Treatise free on application. MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

DEBILITY nervous and seminal diseases, lost manhood, weakness of body and mind, youthful errors, weak back. Write for book on Manly Vigor, free. Dr. W. YOUNG, 200 Hudson St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

MEN ONLY MY ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUSPENSORY cure nervous debility, loss of manhood, weakness of body and mind, youthful errors, weak back. Write for book on Manly Vigor, free. Dr. W. YOUNG, 200 Hudson St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

MEDICAL.

CATON MEDICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.
Dealers in Medical and Proprietary Articles and Proprietary of Old Dr. Caton's famous special remedies.
Dr. Caton's Sure Cure.—Cures promptly and permanently all recent and chronic diseases of the urinary organs, and brings new life and energy; price \$1.25.
Dr. Caton's Vigorine warranted a safe, sure and speedy cure for lost power and weakness; price \$1.
Dr. Caton's Preventative used within 36 hours is a sure preventative of contagious diseases, 50c. per package.
Dr. Caton's Developer for weak or undeveloped parts is unfailing and harmless; price \$1.
Dr. Caton's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers produce a most beautiful complexion without injury, 50c. and \$1 per box. All the above by mail or express (with valuable medical and toilet treatise free) on receipt of price.
P. O. Address, Box 557. Established in 1857.

SEXUAL POWER REGAINED. Sufferers from all Private diseases, youthful errors, etc., can be fully and quickly restored. Home cure. Send for 32-page book FREE. Dr. D. H. LOWE, Winsted, Conn. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

"HARMLESS, SURE AND QUICK."
MONEL'S COMPOUND EXTRACT COPAIBA, CUREBS AND IRON. A certain and speedy cure of Price \$1 by mail. At the OLD DRUG STORE, 2 First Avenue, corner Houston Street, and by druggists generally. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

TO THE AFFLICTED of either sex. Female Weakness, Manhood Lost, and every condition of Nervous Debility, etc. Address with 2c. stamp, Moody & Co., Less Ville, Middlesex Co., Conn.

MAGNETINE Enlarges ANY part of body. cures Impotency, and increases Sexual Power, by external application, or money returned. Price \$1. G. Yates, Box 253, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 14 Days. Home cure. Send for 32-page book FREE. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Perfekte strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted) Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

PRIVATE Troubles and Weakness from abuse or excess, male or female. Treatise free. Address Dr. WARD & CO., 307 N. 18th St., St. Louis, Mo. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe cures combined Curable and all other urinary diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Impediments to marriage removed by using our Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box. N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For lost manhood, impotency and nervous debility. \$3. sent by mail. Dr. FULLER, 429 Canal St., N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Dr. Caton's Female Regulator is a safe and reliable remedy. Price \$1. Sent direct by the CATON MED. CO., Compounders, Boston, Mass. Box 557. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMANE REMEDY CO., Lafayette, Ind. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Sexual Power Increased (Sana Pariel), \$1 bottle. C. STARR, 11 Goodman St., Philadelphia. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$75 A MONTH and expenses paid to sell one person by sample. No peddling. No capital required. Salary paid promptly and all expenses advanced. Sample case of goods FREE. No buying. We mean just what we say. Address, at once, Standard Silver Co., Washington St., Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

AGENTS WANTED (Sample FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. Scott, 843 Broadway, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published, (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures to youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

TOILET ARTICLES.

ELECTRIC MOUSTACHE VIGOR. Grows a luxuriant moustache or beard on the smoothest face in a very short time, (or hair on bald head never known to fall. Does it every day. The only reliable preparation on the market. Sent, postpaid, for 25c. 5 for 50c. Stamps. Address, WILLIAMS BROS., Montreal, N. J.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

DRY GOODS.

LADIES, SEND YOUR ADDRESS, And we will send (free) you our Summer Illustrated Catalogue of ladies' ready-made, extra-trimmed underwear, etc., marked at bottom prices. Address MAHLER BROS., 505 and 507 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

JEWELRY.

WATCH FREE! If you want one send your address with 2-cent stamp to J. R. SLOANE & CO., Hartford, Conn. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

NUMISMATIC.

(Confederate Money (bills). Self-addressed stamped envelope for particulars. F. TEXE, Box 537, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

A GREAT MEDICAL WORK FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
PUBLISHED BY THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 43 Hudson St., Boston, Mass. WM. H. PARKER, M. D., Consulting Physician. More than one million copies sold. It treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, Exhausted Vitality, Lost Manhood, Impaired Vigor and impurities of the Blood, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. Contains 300 pages, substantial embossed binding, full gilt. Warranted the best popular medical treatise published in the English language. Price only \$1 by mail, postpaid, and concealed in a plain wrapper. Illustrative sample free if you send now. Address as above. Mention this paper.

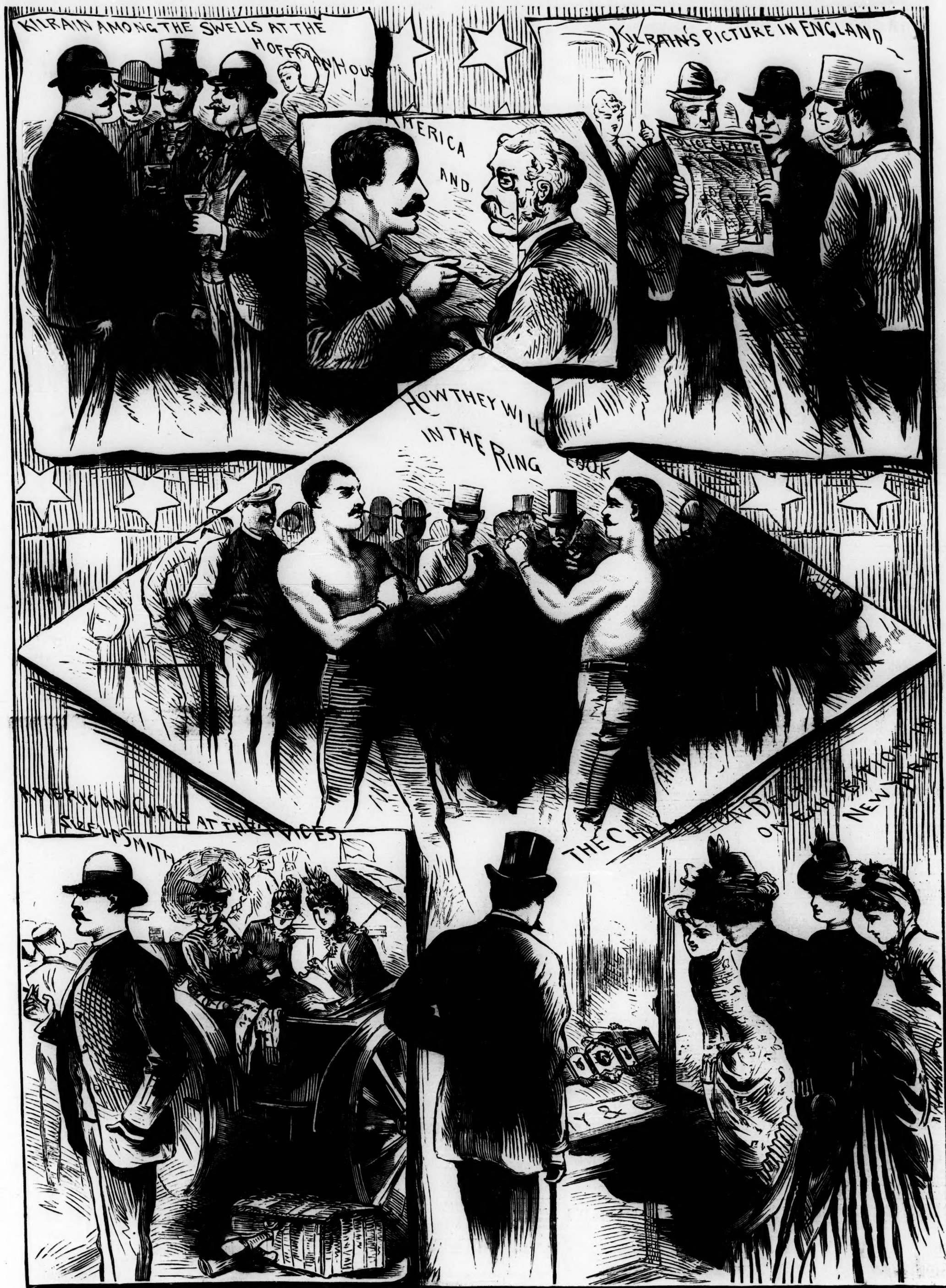
KNOW THYSELF. PUBLISHED BY THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 43 Hudson St., Boston, Mass. WM. H. PARKER, M. D., Consulting Physician. More than one million copies sold. It treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, Exhausted Vitality, Lost Manhood, Impaired Vigor and impurities of the Blood, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. Contains 300 pages, substantial embossed binding, full gilt. Warranted the best popular medical treatise published in the English language. Price only \$1 by mail, postpaid, and concealed in a plain wrapper. Illustrative sample free if you send now. Address as above. Mention this paper.

RUNAWAY GIRLS. AND THEIR ADVENTURES, illustrated with numerous full-page engravings; also, 100 Rich Pictures in colors. All the above goods sent on receipt of \$1.00. T. DAVIS, Box 214, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

V. R. BOOK. "The V. R. Book," \$1. "A Foolish Virgin," by a Vassar girl. "The Six Leagues," by "A Wicked Girl," etc. All the above sent on receipt of \$2. JERSEY BOOK HOUSE, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

SUMMER SONGS. Songs, with Music, entitled "Five Times by the Taper's Light," "Daughter of Error," "The Nun's Prayer," and seven others. All for 50c. Stamps taken. T. DAVIS, Box 214, Jersey City, N. J. Please mention the Police Gazette when you write.

HUSBAND WANTED. I am 25 years of age, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150 pounds, have a turn-up nose, blue eyes, black hair, and a good, honest, affectionate man. I wish to marry a good, honest, affectionate woman. I will make \$5,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$10,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$15,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$20,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$25,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$30,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$35,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$40,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$45,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$50,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$55,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$60,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$65,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$70,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$75,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$80,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$85,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$90,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$95,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$100,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$105,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$110,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$115,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make \$120,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I 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THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

SCENES AND SKETCHES WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE FORTHCOMING FIGHT BETWEEN JAKE KILRAIN OF AMERICA AND JEM SMITH OF ENGLAND.